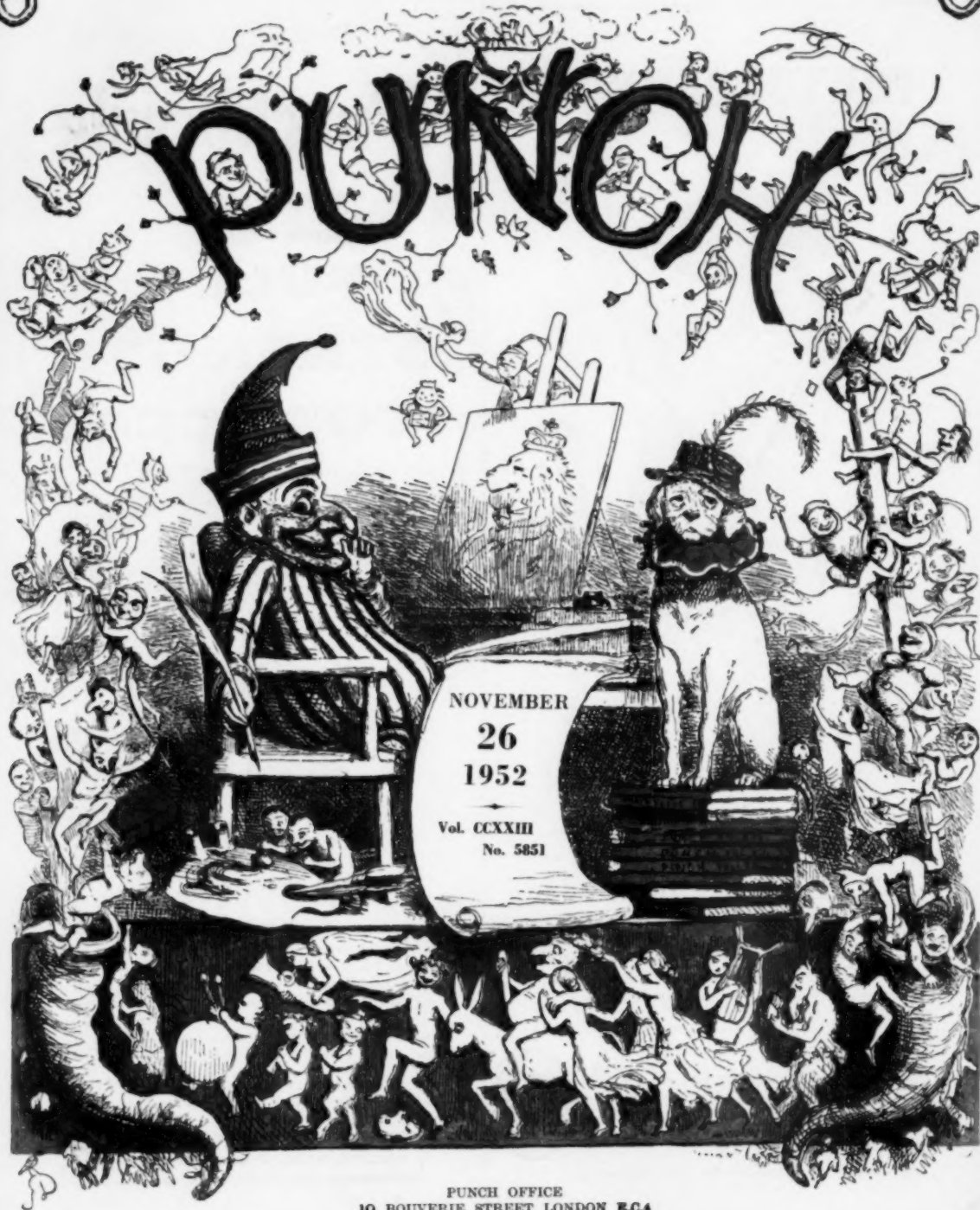


6^p

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26 1952

6^p

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

POWERS OF ARREST



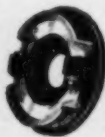
Like other readers of detective fiction, we believed that only the police generally exercised powers of arrest — until we looked in our dictionary. Now we know this authority is enjoyed also by our brakes. We promise, however, to confine our activities to the apprehension of motorists *before* they run into trouble. Preventive arrest only, shall be our watchword.

LOCKHEED

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

hydraulic brakes

THE SAFEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD



AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD • LEAMINGTON SPA

C.J.L.

Punchbowl

THE FULL STRENGTH TOBACCO



"It may interest you to know that as a heavy pipe-smoker I have smoked Punchbowl for something like 10 years. Sometimes I have thought I would like a different tobacco for a change, and on these grounds I have tried some eight or ten brands, but there is no other tobacco that I can smoke, day in day out, as I can Punchbowl.

Other tobaccos are nice for a change, but always I go back to Punchbowl thinking what a fool I was to change."

also in two other strengths

PARSONS PLEASURE mild • BARNEYS medium

each at 4/5d. the ounce

And

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

the bigger the better?

Do we advise you to buy a 12" or a 15" television set? No, we don't. We advise you to go to a Murphy Dealer and—literally—see for yourself. Keep in mind that a 15" screen does not necessarily make a set any better.

It gives you a bigger picture and, of course, it costs more.

People who have 15" sets write and tell us they "could never go back to a 12". And lots of people with 12" screens say they don't need or want anything bigger.

What did you say?

We're not being much help.

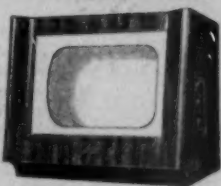
Well, dash it, we gave you the answer at the beginning—

go and see your

Murphy Dealer.

This is the V200A with a 15" tube. Price: £72.10.0. Tax Paid.

And this is the V200, a 15" tube table model. Price: £92.0.0. Tax Paid.



murphy radio & television

CRC 1794



Eton Wall Game



What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "Shy". They're talking about Burrough's Gin—because it is triple distilled. This means it undergoes three separate distillations, ensuring the highest quality and absolute purity. It takes a little longer than other methods. But it is effort well spent. For today, Burrough's Beekeeper Gin, as always, is soft, smooth and wonderfully clean to the palate. Remember, it's triple distilled. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half bottle.



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BURROUGH'S *Gin*
BEEKEEPER
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 GALE DISTILLERY, RUTTON ROAD, L.N.11

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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

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Silversmiths and Jewellers
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Shooting stick with large comfortable leather seat and lightweight metal frame. £9.9.3



Hide leather travelling bag with drawn pockets in moire silk, and special built-in jewels pocket. Various colours. £32.10.0



Picnic case with fine quality stainless steel folding knife, fork and spoon. £9.10.0



Picnic case for four persons with new refrigeration section. Various colours. Also obtainable in basket form. £20 7 6

Gentleman's suit case in couch hide leather, with separate inner folding compartment, fitted adjustable straps for toilet accessories. 20". £70.0.0



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Punch, November 26 1952

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MANCHESTER GUARDIAN WEEKLY

Subscriptions to the Circulation Manager, Manchester Guardian Weekly, Manchester 2. Yearly Rates: **Surface Mail 18/6**. Special Air Edn: Europe **38/4** U.S. and Canada **47/6**. Middle East and North Africa **47/-**. South Africa and Far East **55/8**. Australasia, China and Japan **64/4**. A greetings card will be sent with the first copy if requested.



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Because it contains TP 291, Smiths Bluecol anti-freeze gives your engine cooling system *double* safety. TP 291 is Smiths symbol for their special Triethanolamine Phosphate inhibitor, which protects radiators and water jackets from rusting and similar chemical action. That is the *extra* protection that Bluecol gives your cooling system in addition to keeping it perfectly safe against even 35° of frost. That's what makes Bluecol the *doubly* safe choice when you give your car its winter fill of anti-freeze. To put Bluecol in early costs no more than to put it in late — and may save a £30 repair bill if we have a snap frost early in the winter. If your car isn't Bluecol-protected already, give it this *double* safety now — today!

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one of **SMITHS** accessories for better motoring

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It is rich in many ways—in its cultural tradition and its ancient monuments, in its natural beauty, and, not least, in its enterprise in agriculture, trade and industry.

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For full information, apply to:
The Commissioner, Government of Cyprus,
27 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.



*nulli secundus and
hats off to no one*

Enough of this modesty, this
ult of the understatement, this hiding
of our lights under bushels, this
unwillingness to come right out with it and say
that we are good. So here goes. We are good.
And the reason for this unwonted effusion of
self-pride? We have produced a thoroughly good
portable typewriter, cleanly made, precise
in working, strong yet light enough for you to run
for a train while carrying it. It's called the
Good Companion and it's a peach of a machine. But
it's not simply the goodness of the machine
itself that makes us so proud; it's the fact that we
can produce such an unreasonably
good portable typewriter for
such a reasonable price.

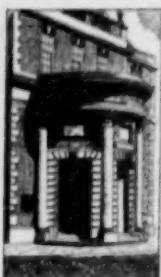


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A century ago, when England was enjoying a period of peace and prosperity, the English private banker and his customer were well known to each other and banking was a personal service based on mutual confidence.

Today, modern practice is more comprehensive and includes many specialised services not imagined by the banker of a hundred years ago. National Provincial Bank, however, with its widespread resources and organisation, still maintains the banking tradition of personal service. The entire banking organisation is adapted to serve individual needs, and the Manager is always glad to meet and advise each of his customers.

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goes to sea



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But it doesn't only wrap things up. It ties them up (it's twine and cord and rope). It backs them up (it's the backing on the linoleum and the carpets). It's in the bosun's cap and in the captain's shoes. Versatile stuff, jute! And amazingly modest.

JUTE
INDUSTRIES LTD

—makers of bags and sacks; twines, cords and ropes; jute carpets and furnishing fabrics; belting and webbing; and yarn for carpets; cloth for backing linoleum, for tarpaulins, roofing felt, dampcourses and plasterer's scrim.

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Look for this symbol on the dial.

167 OT Lady's waterproof model: 17-jewels non-magnetic shock-absorbing lever movement; smart stainless steel case; cordon band, available in a choice of colours. £30

167 BG. As above, but not waterproof. £28

Similar models to above available with leather straps.

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A day in the country with the Hereford. This handsome saloon, with its 60 b.h.p. O.H.V. engine, encourages exploration off the beaten track.

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MOTOR HOW YOU WILL ...

*Mr. Mercury will give you
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There is more energy in a raincloud than in an atomic bomb—and one day we may know how to tap it: there is inexhaustible power in the tides, and people have envisaged a time when we may use so much of it as to alter the orbit of the moon. . . . Perhaps the windmill will stage a comeback, lifted on an aluminium tower to a height of a thousand feet or more. And what of solar radiation? . . . Or will cheap power from atomic fuels outdistance all the rest? Who knows? . . . But one thing is certain—whether the power station of tomorrow be a forest of steel masts or an atomic reactor buried in a concrete hill, it will owe something to T.I. Not in components alone but in the practical devices that take shape when T.I. specialists are called in.

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is the principal feature; yet the tyre retains the strength and endurance characteristic of all bearing the name
—John Bull

During the tread-life of a tyre the side-wall flexes many millions of times. That is why it is of paramount importance that the side-wall should be sound in every respect: best quality materials, good design and workmanship.

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Cords of finest Egyptian cotton or high-strength rayon, each cord totally encased in rubber to ensure cool running and long life.

Designed by experts to meet the increased stresses imposed on tyres by faster modern cars.

Thick, wide, safe tread, having a unique pattern designed to give the greatest grip on all types of road surface.



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October 22nd—November 1st
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closing the gap . . .

Some said, when mass production came into its own, that something vital went out of industry, that means would have to be found to close the gap between Management and Man. Means have been found. Today, through Internal Broadcasting, the voice of Management can be heard instantaneously, by every worker, in even the farthest parts of the works. Thus is encouraged that happy atmosphere in which production can thrive. T.R. Internal Broadcasting can also provide speedy staff location, music for workers and time signals, all essential to modern industrial efficiency.

Today's need for maximum output has so increased demand for T.R. Service — Internal Broadcasting, Time Control, Staff Location and Internal Telephones — that new installations can now be undertaken only in organizations engaged upon work of National Importance.



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R.P. 305



*'There's nothing wrong
with the pen.
It's the ink
you've been using'*

'But there's not much to choose between inks, is there?'

'If you'd seen how clogged your pen was, I don't think you'd say that. Personally I always use Stephen's Radiant Fountain Pen Ink because I know it can't clog my pen. You see, it's micro-filtered to assure that it's absolutely clean and free of sediment. You'll find it the smoothest-flowing ink you've ever used. I always recommend Stephen's to my customers as the ink which is good for fountain pens.'

Look for Stephen's micro-filtered Radiant Fountain Pen Ink in the new bottle with the tilt-wipe collar. The collar tilts the bottle securely so that you get the last drop. It is lined with blotting paper for wiping your pen clean after filling.

**Stephen's RADIANT
MICRO-FILTERED INK**
for your fountain pen

AVAILABLE IN BLUE-BLACK (Permanent)
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for all men & most occasions



STYLE 574—Tan Side Full Brogue Oxford, Antique Finish 69/9

—by the Makers of the
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This Ever-Ready Streamline set includes a heavily chromium plated Ever-Ready razor and 6 Ever-Ready Corrug blades fitted in strong ivory case.

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PLUS . . .

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By courtesy of the Colony Restaurant, London

"Like a gin, Madam?"

"Love a CURTIS, Jimmy
— it's smoother!"

"Here you see a woman with critical tastes, Jimmy," says her partner. "What feminine foibles we men have to put up with."

"Not critical of you, my dear," says she with a smile. "But I can pick a good gin with my eyes closed — and even you must admit Curtis is really smooth."

"Yes, like most men, Curtis matures slowly, but unlike the majority it is always smooth."

"Whatever it is, Curtis suits us. Here's to us." Jimmy, Head Barman in London's Berkeley Square Colony Restaurant, smiles. He knows that all spirits matured in cask become more aristocratic, more mellow — in fact "smoother". That's why you'll find Curtis Gin smoother — much smoother.



Smoother — because it's matured in cask

Curtis Gin

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD". AVAILABLE IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, THREE NIP AND SIX NIP FLASKS.



The skis are no more than a couple of inches apart. The whole body, first crouched, inclines forward at the take-off into a straight line, rigid from the ankles. The arms sweep up like wings. The eyes are fixed on the touch-down. **It all adds up to** a happy landing, seventy metres away in the valley.

HEAD FIRST

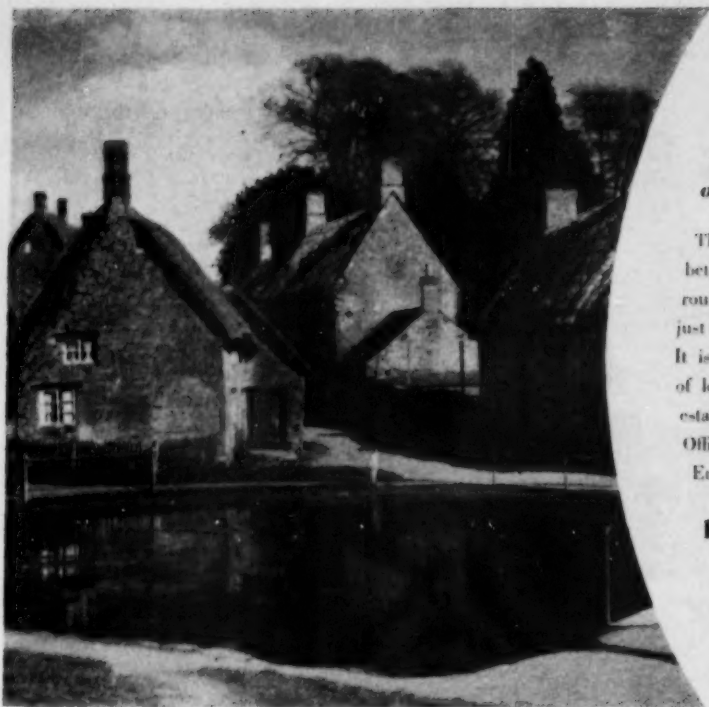
The brains which are shaping our Nation's prosperous future are the brains in Industry's back room. The companies of A E I, integrated but independent, have long been noted for the breadth and vigour of their pooled ideas. Between them they spend a million pounds a year on research. This is a part of the price of progress. It is a measure of the stature of Associated Electrical Industries.

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It all adds up to

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Associated Electrical Industries



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The one in Kensington Gardens may be better known to most of us; but the smaller round ponds dotted up and down England are just as important to those who live nearby. It is because we appreciate the importance of local things to local people that we have established our system of 30 Local Head Offices, each serving a separate district, in England and Wales.

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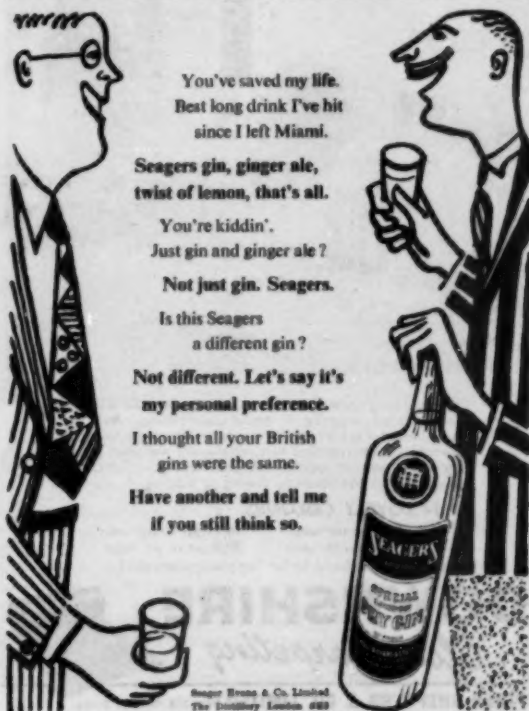
"Unia" Unit-Construction Concrete Buildings can be erected in half the time of conventional type structures, largely by unskilled labour. This reduces cost and also saves valuable time.

As an example, the Transformer Store, illustrated above, by courtesy of The Hackbridge and Hewitt Electric Co. Ltd., Walton-on-Thames, was erected in 17 days by 10 men.

"Unia" panels fit over each other and into the upright stanchions without need for cementing. The resulting walls are weather-proof, fireproof and indestructible. They present a flat surface on the inside of the building.

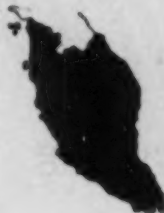
Standard "Unia" Buildings are available in three widths, 16, 24, and 32 feet, and can be ordered to any length from 32 feet upwards in multiples of 8 feet. All buildings can be erected side by side with valley gutters if desired, and all buildings can be from 4' 4" to 15' 10" in eaves, as required.

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London Sales Office: 47, Gt. Russell Street, LONDON, W.C.1

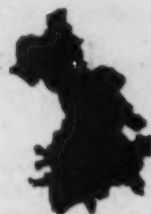


Seager Bruns & Co. Limited
The Distillery London E20

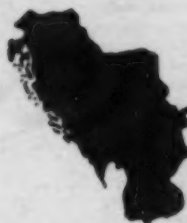
What is the capital of this country?



Is there a university in this country?



Which of this country's neighbours are behind the Iron Curtain?



Answers to these and many other questions are in the

CONCISE OXFORD ATLAS

which has just been published. See it in the bookshops. It costs 18s. 6d. net

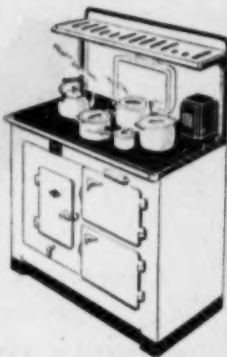
It is bookshelf size. It has a new 'topical' colour scheme, each country having a political colour of its own. It has many interesting new maps of Britain. It has a vast Gazetteer with useful facts and figures.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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... reads rather like a fiery resolution at an angry housewives' meeting, doesn't it? In these days, though, surely that's exactly what we do want. Struggling with shortage of money and shortage of fuel, a little extra cash and a little extra leisure would seem like paradise.

Do you know that anyone really can have these things, and many other blessings besides, with a modern ESSE heat storage cooker in the kitchen? It doesn't cost money, it saves money! Your initial outlay (and you can even get an ESSE on terms) is soon covered with the almost unbelievable fuel savings, and, after that, it's saving all the way — **MONEY SAVING** with ESSE outstanding fuel economy, **TIME SAVING** with 24-hour cooking and hot water service from one fire, **LABOUR SAVING** a dozen different ways.



Yes! Life's easier when an ESSE helps you make ends meet. 2-oven ESSE Fairy with boiler requires an investment of £86.17.9. Without boiler £75.6.9 or monthly terms. Platerack and back panel extra. Write for colour catalogue of all domestic models and nearest distributor's address.



The ESSE COOKER Company
Prop.: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. (Est. 1854)
Bonnybridge, Scotland
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"Honestly, what a fuss you make!"

An invalid often can't eat "light diet" but he'll always take Benger's Food because it is such a soothing, satisfying and pleasant drink. He can absorb its rich nourishment because Benger's is pre-digested. Benger's is recognised throughout the medical profession as the perfect diet for invalids, old people and delicate children.

BENGER'S

*The only food that digests milk
before you drink it*

Benger's Limited, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire



**ENJOY THE LUXURY OF
fitted carpeting in your home**

Lounge, dining room, hall, bedroom! Imagine the luxurious effect of fitted carpeting in any of these rooms. And with Downshire this luxury can be yours at amazingly low cost. Downshire rubber-backed carpeting wears well and gives a very soft tread. It requires no underfelt, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding.

IN 14 LOVELY COLOURS

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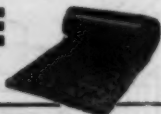
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'Clydella' Comfort . . . for the Household Cavalry!

A CAVALRY CHARGE from the bedroom, mountaineering and tobogganing on the stairs . . . heroic activities like these may play havoc in the house, but they won't hurt *Clydella Pyjamas*.

There's a wonderful sense of wellbeing in wearing 'Clydella' . . . shirts, as well as pyjamas . . . soft, warm texture that nothing changes,

sure protection against chills at any time of the year—and in your style and colour.

Fathers and sons, even unbending elder brothers, respond to 'Clydella' Comfort. Mother makes sure of it for the whole family . . . from the day they're born. She knows 'Clydella' garments are the best, most lasting value the shops

can offer; and they have the best possible washing guarantee, IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE.

You will be glad you bought Clydella when the cold nights set in. Clydella pyjamas are wonderful economy—for Small Sons (size 22-36 ins.) from 31.6d.; for Fathers and Elder Brothers (size 38-44 ins. chest) at 59.6d.

There's nothing to equal

Clydella

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MURRAY OF 'REXEL' AND 'BARKLEY' POLYMER POLYMER & COMPANY LIMITED, BATHURST

Oh warp, oh weft, oh wallpaper!

The weft weave gives the figure.

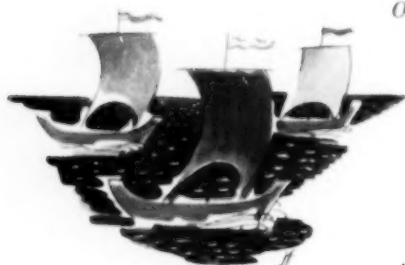
The warp weave gives the ground.

Copper ● and black ● and beige. ● Tourmaline ● and plum. ●

From Venice, a gold thread.

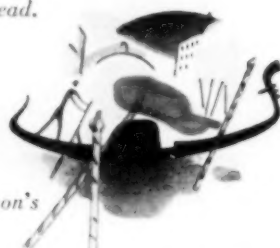
From Lille a satin stripe.

For curtains, upholstery, covers, cushions . . .



Only Sanderson's

*go merchant venturing through Europe
with such splendid sagacity.*



Wallpaper gives the setting without which

the best of these are only demi-marvels.

A Sanderson paper, chosen with art, can transform a room,

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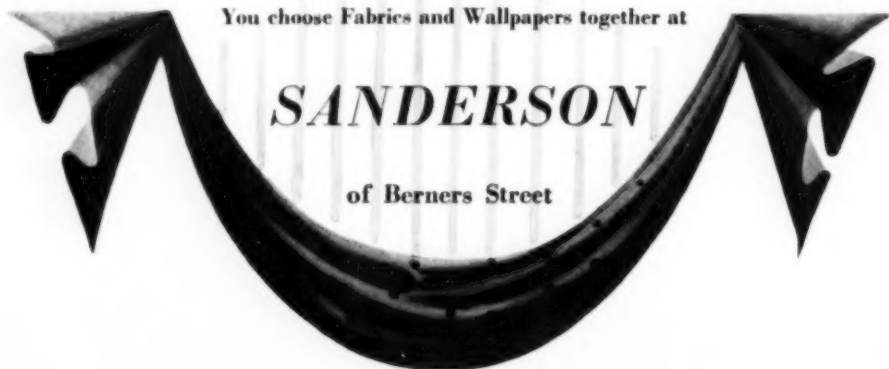
A Sanderson hand-printed paper (one of 600 patterns) can match any shade of any colour.

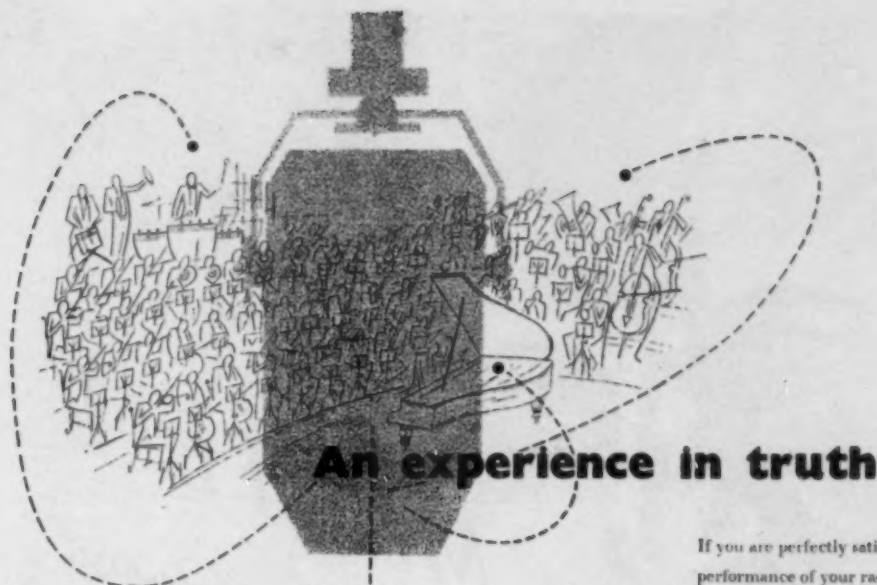
Only at Berners Street can the like of this be seen. No passports are required.

You choose Fabrics and Wallpapers together at

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An experience in truth



THE REMARKABLE FERGUSON '500' highest fidelity—no detectable distortion

9-valve 5-waveband 5-speed autodiagram. Push-pull negative feed-back amplifier giving 14 watts of undistorted output. Total harmonic distortion only 1% at 14 watts, 0.55% at 10 watts and 0.1% at 6 watts. Twin loudspeaker system covering all frequencies from 40 to 10,000 cycles. Special bass and treble tone controls, with 5-position variable slope filter control. Superb cabinet of walnut and bird's-eye maple, with storage space for 140 records.

PRICE 248 GNS TAX PAID

We shall be pleased to arrange a demonstration of the Ferguson '500' for you.

If you are perfectly satisfied with the performance of your radiogram you should not listen to the Ferguson '500'—for, if you do, your satisfaction will only become discontent.

To hear the Ferguson '500' is a unique and unforgettable experience... a voyage of discovery into a world of vivid realism. Here is fidelity within 0.1% of absolute perfection. When reproduced by the '500', all good musical recordings, even those you know intimately, reveal hidden depths of brilliance, exquisite subtleties. Every nuance of musical emotion is conveyed to you with startling clarity. *Never in your life have you heard such truth of reproduction.*

The Ferguson '500' made its recent debut in the Royal Festival Hall. This was indeed a daring experiment. Had there been the slightest fault, the magnificent acoustics of the Festival Hall would at once have revealed it. But there was no fault... no detectable distortion.

With the '500', Ferguson are privileged to bring 'Festival Hall Fidelity' into the homes of those who can really appreciate such a superb instrument.



"Yes - it's
MARTELL -
my old friend"



MARTELL CORDON BLEU

A very fine Liqueur Brandy

also CORDON ARGENT and EXTRA





CHARIVARIA

CRITICIZING delays in the appearance of the last two volumes of the official history of 1939-1945 sea operations an M.P. suggested in the House that the Prime Minister might undertake to write them himself. By declining to do so Mr. Churchill added substance to the rumour, now circulating among those who heard his recent broadcast mention of General Nequib, that he is hard at work on his Pronouncing Dictionary of Proper Names.

Blow Struck for the Private Nursing Home

"This was my first on-the-spot contact with these broadcast commentaries to hospitals. What a lovely thought. How proud the club, and the Portsmouth police, who shared in the creation and execution of the idea, must feel. Like all of you, I've had my sick spells. How well I know the impact in a hospital ward of a cheery voice talking football."

Mr. Donald Peers, in the *Daily Graphic*

"FIVE JUDGES TURN DOWN MALAN'S ACT"

News headline

Vacancy at the Palladium?

With television a steadily mounting threat, the film distributors can hardly be blamed for occasionally overstating the case for their wares, and it was no doubt in a desperate attempt to make *The Young and the Damned* as appetizing as possible that dazzling bouquets from the critics were quoted when it was

advertised last week in a Brighton paper. Among them were "Shuddering" (*Daily Graphic*), "Terrifying" (*London Weekly Diary*), "Ruthless" (*Standard*), "Savage" (*Universe*), "Horri-fying" (*The Times*) and "Excessively Brutal" (*Sketch*).

"You In Your Small Corner . . ."

Letter to *The Times* from Mrs. Mary Somerset:

"The undeviating philistinism of Mrs. Dale and her circle is what shocks many listeners. Would it be considered unbearably 'high-brow' if any one of the family were to read a book other than fiction, enjoy music other than jazz, or a picture that did not move? Surely it gives a false picture of the average middle-class family if they are represented as having no interest in any of the things of the mind."

Letter to the *Daily Mirror* from Middle-class Brummie:

"Does it not stand to reason that the workers prefer the more everyday Archer programme? But please allow more cultured tastes for the better classes. The Archers are just as unpleasant and coarse to us as the Dales are moribund to the lower classes. Let us have wholesome Queen's English and more refined mannerisms for listeners who know a little more than the three R's and appreciate dear Mrs. Dale and Co."

Professor Drew, now inviting volunteers to take driving tests under the influence of drink, says: "I intend to camouflage all the drinks so that the driver will not know the amount of alcohol he has consumed. Sometimes non-alcoholic beverages will be substituted so that the driver will not know whether he has had a



quick one or not." In this way the Professor hopes to reproduce conditions familiar to drivers leaving the small, expensive night-club.

Disclosure by a Sunday paper that the cost of a Field-Marshal's baton is £175 has caused many private soldiers to have one more hopeful peep into their knapsacks.

"A Swansea reader, R.B., has written complimenting us on the article in our September 13 issue about the American tour of the three London buses. He says 'the whole magazine should have been devoted to it!' We liked that article, too, thought it one of the best of that type we'd published for quite a while. What appealed to us most was . . ."—A weekly

Don't stop, we're just moving to a comfortable chair.

A writer with the same name as a politician much in the news has complained because his latest book has been listed in the catalogue of a large London store with no mention of the author's name. The store's explanation was that "we didn't want the public to think it was about politics." This may lead to a sharp departure from tradition in next summer's pier amusement arcades, with "What the Footman Saw" machines on all sides.

The recent winner of seventy-five thousand pounds in a competition announced that his first intention was to visit all his relations in various parts of the world. He'll have to look sharp, unless he wants them to meet him as he leaves.

"MAKE DR. JOHNSON RESIGN, SAYS M.P."

Headline in the Daily Telegraph

Sir—!

SCREENED

I HAVE been looking at it now for nearly ten minutes and am beginning to know it well, though not, I fear, to the point of developing any warmer or more affectionate feelings for it. It is, I should say, about eight feet high and more or less the same width. The lane we have both been using for the last four or five miles is, I estimate, nowhere wider than twelve feet and bare of branches as a scaffold pole. The best that can be said about the situation is that it makes for

undistracted concentration on the immediate foreground. I am trying to look at it like this.

I observe that the rear doors follow traditional lines—hinged at the sides and opening down the middle. The original hasp has been replaced by a piece of bent wire which shows a lively—and only fractionally frustrated—desire to be quit of its duties.

By falling back a little I can enlarge the picture to include a rear lamp devoid of glass but sporting a

tail of dried insulating tape. There is also a number-plate which begins by saying BOH. I feel it would be childish to resent this. A loop of wire—plainly from the same stable as the hasp—allows the exhaust pipe to describe an arc which at its lowest point lightly brushes the road surface and at its extreme limit of starboard travel bounces on the nearside wall of the offside tyre—if you follow me. The volume of smoke being delivered shows, I feel, that somebody has done a better engineering job at the other end of the pipe.

At eye-level most of the outlook is taken up by a picture of a bun. Above this a curve of lettering states—with a clarity that shames the number-plate:

BUTCHER—BAKER

Established 1888.

The occasion being one on which fancy (at any rate) can turn off down some promising side-roads, I toy for the next few minutes with the idea of a hyphenated surname. Finally I reject this, but not before getting as far as seeing

BUTCHER—BAKER

(Candlestick Maker)

bound for some remote but stately



pleasure dome with a van-load of scones and girandoles . . .

No. The bun is conclusive. This is Mr. Butcher's van and he is a baker. Nevertheless, I fall to wondering whether or not someone else somewhere in the world is, at this same moment of time, boxed up in a narrow lane behind a van belonging—a curious twist—to a butcher called BAKER. Possibly. But of one thing I am quite certain. Nobody else anywhere is being patient and cheerful in the face of the sort of wording that completes—in bold lettering below the bun—Mr. (Baker) Butcher's boast to his following. It says:

"And Still in FRONT."

MARK BRYAN



"These white lines are an absolute godsend in the fog."

MASTERS NOW

"RECEIVE and forward the traffic mentioned on the other side hereof—"

"Who are you talking to?"

"I'm addressing the Railway Executive, Southern Region."

"It's not a tone to adopt in addressing the Railway Executive, any region."

"It's not a tone which, left to myself, I would ever possibly adopt. It's a tone which the Railway Executive puts in my mouth. I have a chair—"

"Many people have chairs."

"This is a chair which I wished to take with me on the railway."

"You were sick of standing in the corridor?"

"I'd just bought it, and was taking it home. They gave me a ticket for this chair, and on the back of the ticket was this address."

"What address?"

"I mean this little speech to the Railway Executive, Southern Region. 'TO THE RAILWAY EXECUTIVE, SOUTHERN REGION,' it said at the top. Then I was supposed to say 'Receive and forward the traffic mentioned on the other side hereof—' (on the other side, in a little box marked DESCRIPTION OF TRAFFIC, it said 'Chair') '—upon and subject to the appropriate

Standard Terms and Conditions of Carriage at Owner's Risk—I hope I'm bringing out the effect of the capitals?"

"Did you say at owner's risk?"

"The chair was going in the guard's van. What the guard did with it was, of course, my risk. It's only reasonable. '—And the Regulations contained in the Railway Companies' Book of Regulations relating to Traffic by Passenger Train or other similar service and, when carried by water, upon and subject to the "Conditions of Carriage by Water" included in the said Book of Regulations.'"

"You were getting them pretty well tied up."

"Not only them—anyone who took over from them. There was a second paragraph. 'This request,' it made me then go on to say, 'shall be deemed to extend to any Company or person into whose possession the luggage or merchandise may pass for conveyance or custody.' I've kept the ticket. One of these days, when I've got the courage, I'm going to produce it out of my pocket and try it on a porter. 'Receive and forward,' I shall say, 'the traffic mentioned'—and I shall mention my suitcase—'upon and subject to the appropriate Standard Terms and Conditions—I might even get him to show me what's in

the Companies' Book of Regulations. I ought to know. For one brief minute I shall feel I really own the railways." G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

THE REBEL MOTHER

FOR three long years I've struggled on,

With patient smile and answer pat,

Through labyrinthine questionings
Of Which is How? and Why is That?

My manner soft, my eye—though glazed—

Serene, my voice a gentle coo,
Through tantrums, tears and temperatures

My Mother-Love has steered us through.

But now, aghast, around me stand
Those mentors of my earlier stage,
The shades of Montessori, Freud,
And Nurse who edits Mother's Page.

For, up in bed, my well-spanked son—

As sore, I hope, as is my palm—
Sits contemplating Mother-Rage:
And oh! the blessed calm!

D. J. SAINT

ANOTHER DAY

IN spite of all one hears about Listener Research I am getting more and more doubtful whether the B.B.C. has ever heard about people like me.

I don't know how large a section of the listening public we form, but no one could call us an exacting one. All we ask (a mere five mornings a week, many of us) is to be prevented from going back to sleep again.

Now, it may be that they are honestly trying to be some help to us in these twilight hours; I don't know. I only know that, if they are, they are making a hash of it. Those bells (to mention one typical programme ingredient) are a farce. The occasional burst of hearty laughter in Programme Parade may possibly do some good with irresolute spirits who are practically out of bed already, though I doubt it. What I should really like to know is what type of listener is supposed to fling the bedclothes off on learning, say, that the new number of the *Radio Times* contains details of another feature programme on Western Germany.

Other people's reflexes may be quite different from mine; but mine are doing well if they let me grasp that these words are the end of the B.B.C. notice, let alone take in that the next part of the programme follows in a specific number of seconds' time. What does register is that if I am quick about it I have time to get nicely off again for a minute. Before being jerked back to the surface, of course, and told that:

This—always so sure of their welcome, too, after what could well be called downright dereliction of duty—is the B.B.C. Home Service. For the moment they usually manage to make me feel we may be in for something interesting. Something like that discussion the other night on (unless I dreamt it) "Is Consciousness an Illusion?" I may have done; I am a fluent dreamer at this hour. This morning, or else last night, there was news of the Irish Sea. Division



One, if I am not mistaken: Rockall two, Malin two. Not the sort of information to prevent my getting a good night's sleep, to put it mildly. In case they are interested, I have had a heavy day. The Government, on the other hand, had a majority of eight. At Harringay, last night . . .

Eight?

That, if they only knew it, almost had me out. As it is, I turn over and decline to speculate why the Commons should have debated the free association of ideas, or what Sir Obviously Someone, for the Government, meant by describing the area of free association as appreciably wider than during the corresponding period yesterday morning. The way they put it, it sounds as if certain sections of the community were not fully awake to their responsibilities yet; which, when you come to think of it, could mean an increasing threat of absenteeism. To me, though, quite frankly, the interesting thing is that the Government spokesman was Sir Malcolm Sargent, driving a Wolf-Ferrari, and that with him at the ringside was Bertrand Russell. The Government spokesman's mother was Gladys Young. Others taking part—I am well away again, now—were Rachel Gurney, Peter Davy, Daniel Whidden, Harry Hawke and, of course, my old pal Thomas Cobleigh, who broadcasts by permission of Downalong-Lee Limited . . .

This, it occurs to me on reflection, simply means that all clocks should be put back one hour (my watch ought to be under my pillow, somewhere) and not back to Methuselah, as shown in the *Radio Times*. Generally acknowledged to be one of the outstanding works of this century, it is about an accident at the corner of High Street and Broad Street, Balham—something which may have more appeal to the type of licence-holder whose pillow is not slipping down between the bedhead and the mattress. It is a pillow I have had to speak to once already, about interrupting the advertised programme just to call for a restraint in wage-claims, three bursts of hearty laughter, and the new arrangement of "Onaway, Awake, Beloved!" that is now reaching something like gale force at times.

Actually, this may explain why I am back at a level where action becomes thinkable, if only remotely. The real trouble is that my watch has somehow got down the bed as far as the corner of High Street and Broad Street, Balham, probably to avoid hearing a talk on omelettes first produced some nine years ago, from the collected works of Anthony Trollope, and adapted for broadcasting by an elderly man who has since died.

These omelettes are dangerous. Will the finder or anyone who can give information please leap out of bed this instant and go at once to the dressing-table; the Wembley Stadium; the wash-basin; the Concert-hall, Broadcasting House; or any police-station, where well-known personalities of stage, screen and radio are dangerously ill. The rest of the programme will continue variable with some fog patches, and the 8.20 will be the usual near thing . . .

Further outlook, as far as I can see, similar.



NATIONAL SERVICE

"Why can't some of them come over here—and help to defend the homes they're leaving?"

PILOT OF THE POOLS

AN Important Committee was mustering. We waited respectfully for "My Lord Chairman." A venerable and charming Admiral said to us: "I want to pick your brains." What was this? "Some point of seamanship," we proudly thought, "on which the Admiral is hazy." But the mariner said: "I hear you do the Pools. I want to do the Pools." We promised to introduce him to a Football Pool, and during dull stretches of the Committee meeting we set out for him a simple "perm" or two (which means not a permanent wave but a permutation). We suspect, by the way, that this is the secret behind Mr. Attlee's famous "doodling": he is working out new "perms."



If he is, he is rare among the Cultured Classes. We find here the most appalling ignorance of this department of the national life. It is not so much that they look down upon it: rather, they say, it is too high for them. They "know nothing about football": they "were never any good at figures" and "have no idea what is meant by a perm." All this is very childish. It is quite unnecessary to know anything about football. Innocent girls, who could not have told the difference between a goalkeeper and a wicket-keeper, have won large sums of money. As for "figures" and "perms," all that is needed can be copied out of newspapers or dear little books provided by the Pools promoters. Almost any man in any pub will tell them a thing or two: and if the Cultured Classes cannot climb up to the mathematical level of the pub they should go back to their expensive schools.

The result is that the proletariat are getting an unfair share of the big prizes. You hardly ever hear of a Bishop, Judge, or retired Admiral who has won £75,000 in the Pools. Yet they are no less deserving than plumbers, mechanics, clerks and "daily helps." In a kind of way they are more deserving. For the successful artisan or labourer nearly always says that he cannot imagine what to do with the money, that it will make no difference to him, and he will go on just as before. Laudable, no doubt: but one wonders sometimes why he bothered to fill in his form and risk his half a crown.

So we thought we would give a little lecture or two to the Cultured Classes to help them with their Pools and, unless somebody stops us, we shall.

The subject may be conveniently treated under two heads:

- (1) *Object*
- (2) *Method*

(1) The *Object* is to win £75,000 (tax-free). NOTE—Smaller sums may have to be accepted in the early stages of the operation. For our part we never resent a cheque

for £7,000 (free of tax): and even a postal order for 7s. 6d. is quite exciting. But £75,000 is the most that any one chap is allowed to win (though, mathematically, he may be entitled to more). It is no good asking us who fixed that cruel figure, and why, for we do not know. Of course, next week, if you can be bothered, you may win £75,000 again. (This, I'm told, was done by one of the simple folk who after his first win said that he could not imagine what to do with the money.)

(2) *Method*. Here again we had better sub-divide:

- (a) *Clerical*
- (b) *Operational*

NOTE—By "operational" is meant the selection and arrangement of the football matches through which it is proposed to win £75,000—or, possibly, smaller sums.

- (a) *Clerical*

We put this first because it is the more important. Any fool can choose the right eight matches to win £75,000: and many a fool has done it. But there his battle has only begun: and this is where the Cultured Classes are likely to fall down. Few of the Cultured Classes, we suppose, know how to buy or handle a postal order for half a crown. Caught in a Thursday queue of citizens all buying small postal orders for the Pools, they may well take fright and abandon the whole enterprise. So we advise buying a batch of postal orders well ahead, and not on Thursdays. Then the postal order must be correctly inscribed and crossed (the Cultured Classes are fairly sure to sign it themselves, which is wrong). Then the thing's ridiculous number must be copied in a tiny space on the Pool coupon, the name and address printed in BLOCK CAPITALS, a cross put in the little corner provided for those who do not wish it to be publicly known that they have won £75,000, and the copy-sheet filled in very carefully with the wagers made and the sums "invested." All this is frightful work, and may well deter a busy Bishop or High Court

Judge. But they must stick it. We all have to learn.

But wait a minute, my lord. This is your first week, so you must not send any money at all. This puzzles you—and well it may. The full answer to the puzzle would take you deep into our queer betting laws. If you send your postal order with your bet this week that will be “ready-money betting,” which is against the law (except upon a race-course). But “credit-betting” is lawful. So the kind Pool promoter gives you “credit,” and you promise to send him the money next week. This promise has no legal force, and you cannot be sued for breaking it. You may, in fact, have no “credit” at all. You may be a down-and-out, a burglar or embezzler. The Pool promoter knows nothing about you except your name (which may be a false one) and your address. Yet he trusts you. Since the “wagerers” in any week amount to millions, and the money staked is who-knows-what, this must be the most touching and tremendous act of faith in history. We hear you saying, my lord: “But can I win £75,000 in my first week without having paid a halfpenny?” The answer, we believe, is “Yes”—and if you did not pay up the next week nobody could touch you: but we hope, my lord, you would not be quite such a cad as that. You may not, by the way, stake more than £1 in each of your first four weeks: and, of course, if you do not pay up, you will not be allowed to win £75,000 again. This seems reasonable enough: but you must be careful. There are sad stories. A man goes abroad, neglects his Pools for a few weeks, returns, and sends in a winning bet: but he has forgotten that he is 2s. 6d. in arrears and is disqualified. The Pools, for all their loving trust, are run by business men. So pay up, my lord, even if you are too busy, or broke, to bet again.

Here is an important practical point. If the fuss of getting postal orders is maddening you, you may pay by cheque: and this, they say, is sometimes a cheaper method. The only thing is that the scope of your football activities is then revealed to the Bank, and one day—who



"I understand she survived him by a considerable number of years."

knows?—to the Official Receiver. (Let our own Bank note, by the way, that we are not spending as much as we seem upon these evils: for we are conducting “combined operations” for a number of earnest neighbours who also wish to win £75,000.) Or you may send Treasury notes: but they have to be registered; and that means as many Post Office visits and as much fuss as the postal order—rather more.

In the next lecture we shall approach the operational side, though we may only be able to touch the fringes of this wide theme. Meanwhile, my lord, pause for a moment and enjoy this vista of Britain's betting laws. Remember that by these laws “cash” or “ready-money” betting is forbidden off the course; recall the only

practical justification of that law that has ever been suggested, that it keeps the poor man out of mischief: and acknowledge, with wonder, at least, the ingenuity of the men who have erected this vast, and utterly legal, edifice by the simple expedient of letting the poor man pay next week.

A. P. H.

REVOLT IN THE MENDIPS

Our Annual Outing—

Still seething with wrath—
Stands firm, to a man,

By the Marquess of Bath.

Respectable parties

Resent such reproaches.

Good luck to the Marquess!

And down with “No COACHES”!

M. B.



Two For the Road

"A H," I said—"now, just a minute." I wasn't going to get flustered. "I shall have to think about that one. An amber light alone, you say?" I thought about it. "Oh, yes, well, naturally I should just keep going—not too fast, you know, built-up area and all that—then when it changed to red I should stop, giving the proper signals clearly and in good time. To green, I mean, not red. No, sorry, I should drive through it, of course—if it was red, I mean; naturally I shouldn't go driving through a green light. I mean through a . . ."

Mr. Stribling made a tiny note and said "I see." His tone was lightly non-committal, and any feeling on my part that he was working up to a question about a led horse was just my imagination. In the driving test, as the official literature emphasizes, the examiner tries no tricks and lays no traps.

A word might be said, I feel, in

appreciation of the Ministry of Transport's four hundred or so examiners—a word which, since the failure figure is about forty per cent, is pretty sure to draw support from about sixty per cent of tested readers. The work of the examiner can be dangerous, for one thing—"highly dangerous" was the phrase used by my own examiner, though his tone was as empty of innuendo as ever. Persons over-eager for motoring emancipation often seem to confuse the test with a first driving-lesson; add to this the inevitable hysteria of the occasion, and a handbrake not always easily accessible to the passengers, and you have the ingredients of a fine dramatic scene in a plate-glass window. For another thing, the examiner spends his working hours in a state of unrelieved frustration; he has not only to dissemble his true feelings about savaged gear-boxes and unregarded "Halt" signs, but to stifle

the impulse to criticize, argue or explain on any point at all. Further, he must expect wounding attacks on his character and deportment to flood the desks of his superiors (one recently disappointed lady, for example, declared that her examiner had clearly been drinking, as the scent of peppermint was overpowering). And, perhaps worst of all for a man of sensibility, he must go in dread of that unpalatable scene which follows, as the night the day, the not infrequent proffer of a bribe.

It is surprising to what lengths the motorist will go to rid himself of the stigma of the provisional licence. One of the first polite requests made of an applicant is for his specimen signature, which is at once compared with the one on his application form. Sometimes it wildly fails to correspond, and this means that a competent driver has rashly allowed himself to be persuaded to impersonate the faint-hearted but unscrupulous candidate—rashly, because the penalty (see Form D.L. 26, Application for Driving Test, footnote) is £50 or six months. Or both.

The policy of the driving tests is what the politician would unhesitatingly describe as long-term, and aims to produce, ultimately, a solidly safe driving public. The time will come when those of us admitted to the brotherhood of the road in the old, slapdash pre-test days will have put off our driving gloves for ever, and every one of our successors will have an examiner's blessing in his pocket. Moreover, the blessing will be valid only for the type of vehicle on which the test was taken, so that road-users



who hanker after the sweeping privileges of the good old days, when a modest five shillings threw open the driving seats of traction engines, steam rollers and track-laying vehicles steered by their tracks, will have to report with one of each and be jolly well tested on all of them. This, it is felt, will make for greater efficiency all round.

The individual test-taker may not, of course, be able to take this public-spirited view. The test stands menacingly ahead of him, like a brick wall across the road. He gets nervous about it. The more he thinks about it, the higher, the thicker and the more utterly unscalable it seems to be. It seems only right to offer him a word of comfort and reassurance.

Because there's really nothing to it. At least, so it seems to me. And I was examined only last Thursday by Mr. Stribling, who is not only an examiner but a supervising examiner—an examiner, that is, who examines examiners. And my advice to the examinee is to forget all he has heard, keep his wits about him, try not to knock down any policemen, and remember that there is no limit to the number of tests he can take. Twenty, thirty years from now, unless extreme feebleness intervenes, he can still keep coming back, once a month if he wishes, and have another try at starting on a gradient without running back.

Each time—which should

down—"and I am sorry to inform you that . . ." Or (look on the bright side)—"and I am pleased to inform you that . . ." What is more, the verdict will also be furnished in writing, either as a Certificate of Competence or a Statement of Failure. With the first, the jubilant candidate will lose no time in rushing off to the framer's; the second, I'm sorry to report, is usually treated quite differently and has before now, despite the helpful recommendations for future study which the examiner has written on the back, been torn up and flung in his face. Neither to the gesture nor to the richly uninhibited remarks accompanying it is the examiner permitted to make any reply, though he may later think it his duty to add a brief jotting to his carbon copy.

For me, last Thursday, there was no verdict, though I went through the whole business from reading a number-plate at twenty-five yards to the penetrating cross-examination on the Highway Code. As a licence-holder of long standing, merely given the official treatment by courtesy of the Ministry, I ought not to mind being kept in the dark over the result. But somehow I do. Suddenly, after twenty-five years of potential dilettantism among everything on wheels from a mowing-

whom every glimpse of an L-plate is a stimulating reminder that, by a mere accident of time, they can drive with a song in their hearts—a song whose theme repeats the glad thought that they have never had to take a driving test and never will. But there is a *motif* in a minor key, too, grumbling in the background—if they ever had to, what would the verdict be?

However, I quite sympathized with Mr. Stribling's difficulty. He had, after all, no authority to take



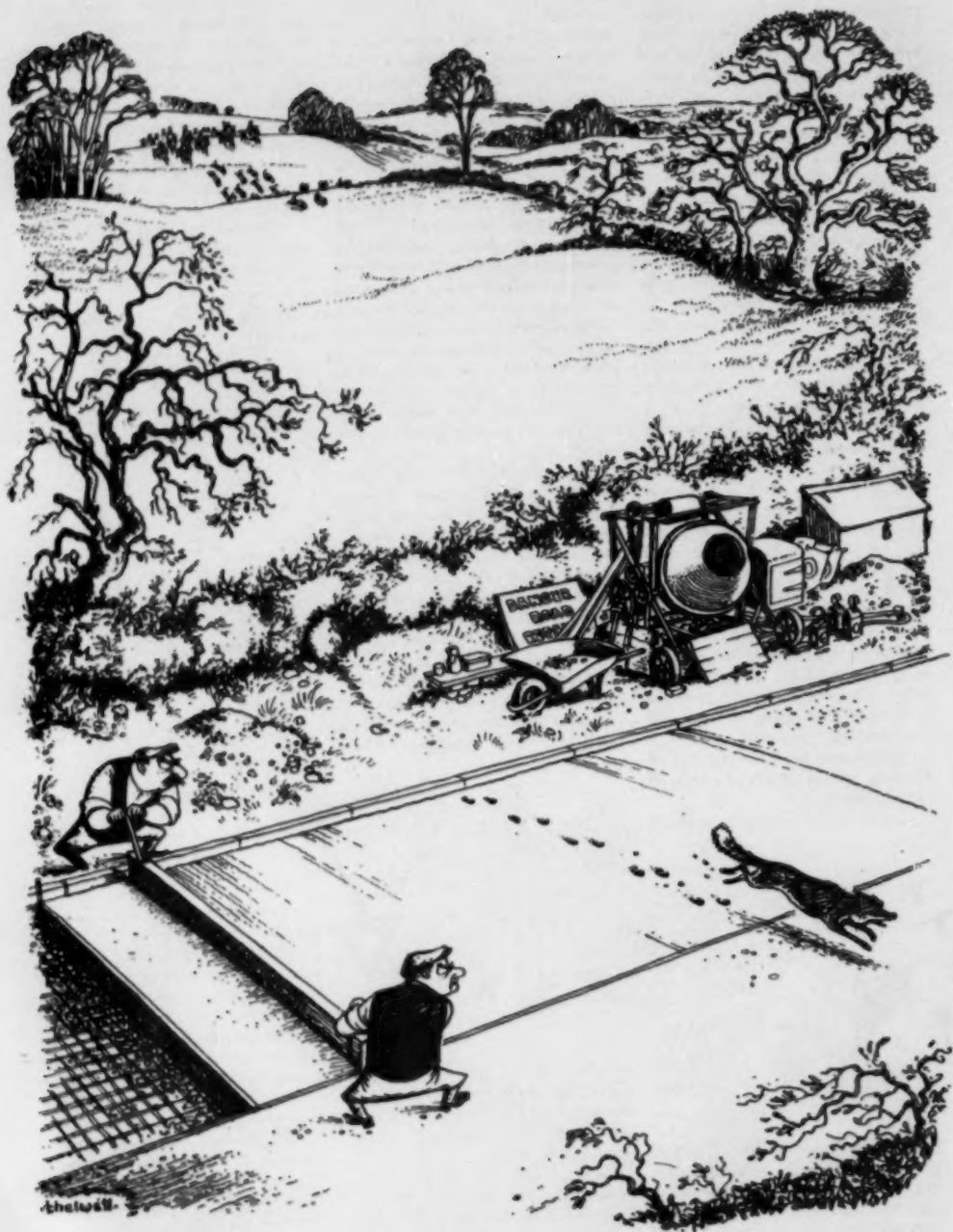
hearten him further—he will get a prompt decision, for or against, at the end of his test. "That concludes your test, Mr. Blank," the examiner will say, according to the form laid

machine to a "vehicle exempted from duty under sub-section (4) of Section 7 of the Vehicles (Excise) Act, 1949," I am seized with gnawing doubts about my fitness to handle a small, shabby, ten horsepower car. Any motorist of my vintage would feel the same. Britain's driving-seats are full of men to

my licence away from me. Yet, as the Ministry's representative in this particular field, it could have been nothing less than painful for him to declare in one breath that I had no right to be on the road, and in the next to bid me good-bye as I drove erratically away, narrowly missing a traffic-island after attempting an over-stylish hand signal through a wound-up window.

All the same, and now I come to think of it, there seems no reason why he shouldn't have told me that I had passed. None, at least, that I care to entertain.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



TRADITIONAL INTERIOR

IT is not so long since readers of this journal were privileged to have a pre-view of one of those reports issued from time to time by the Bouverie Institute of Building Science (BIBS). This report dealt with the exterior of the new country home of Mr. L., the writer, describing it in an off-hand fashion as a Traditional Dwelling in the Vale of Kent (TRADWEVOK). The visiting commission from the Institute penetrated to the interior on that occasion, but it was not until some time later that the writer was able to form some idea of what they found there. This he did at last by taking the author of TRADWEVOK out to lunch and swiping the papers from his office table while he waited for him to wash his hands.

It seems that the idea is now to issue TRADWEVOK, the report dealing with the exterior of the Traditional Dwelling, more or less as it stood. The papers swiped by the writer from the BIBS office seem to form part of a general rag-bag of a report called Surveys of British Domestic Interiors (SOBDINTS). Further details of his own cottage are embedded in SOBDINTS like a tiny nugget in a mass of conglomerate.

The Traditional Dwelling is typical (says SOBDINTS) of the domestic accommodation enjoyed by the humbler members of the rural artisan class in the early eighteen-fifties. True enough; the humbler rural artisan has moved out to the new council dwellings at Foxgoosedon, leaving his traditional home to raffian artists and the like. On entering the dwelling by the main ingress-unit from the Flitwash road one plunges immediately into what used to be the principal living-unit. This unit is roughly cuboid, like the dwelling itself, and of such small overall dimensions that the investigator tends to be carried right across it and into the kitchen under his initial momentum, unless this is dissipated by the impact of his skull against the intervening lintel. It is no doubt for this reason that the front-ingress-units are never actually used in dwellings of this type. Penetration to the interior is invariably effected by walking round to the back.

The lower portion of the accommodation-unit consists, then, of two cuboid sub-units, whose estimated air content of approximately 480 cubic feet is well below the minimum standard for chicken-houses laid down by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in 1908. The disastrous effect of the inadequate air-intake on the typical indweller may be judged from the present state of health of Edmund Wymeringhame, the retired gardener who quitted the place in 1948 at the age of ninety. Though now barely ninety-four, he suffers from rheumatism in the spring and autumn and complains of some difficulty in hearing. These disabilities he himself attributes to the dampness of the new council houses at Foxgoosedon; but the effect of his previous ninety years of exposure to insufficient ventilation should not be underestimated.

It is noteworthy that in the rear sub-unit, or kitchen, the availability of air is even less, owing to the provision at one side of a magnificent staircase. This resembles nothing so much as a frozen torrent of masonry, pouring down from the colonnaded splendour of the gallery to spread itself in an ample sweep of snowy marble over the rich mosaics of the Great Hall.

We seem here to have encountered some matter irrelevant to the writer's Traditional Dwelling. It turns out to be an odd page from a nineteenth-century guide to the baroque palace of Greatwynd Grimgates which has somehow got slipped into these papers. The next sheet refers in a more convincing manner to the Traditional Staircase, which is eighteen inches wide and has ten steps leading up to a small landing, eighteen inches square, from which two doors open into the upstairs apartments. Before we are permitted to explore these, however, we must follow SOBDINTS down a lengthy side-track into which it plunges at this point. The digression concerns the peculiar method of construction of the walls of the Dwelling. It will come as something of a surprise to the young architect, as SOBDINTS remarks, to learn that the walls of this accommodation-unit apparently contain no pre-fabricated units of any kind, apart from small blocks of baked clay, reddish in colour, known locally as bricks. What is more, the wall has been conceived fundamentally as a load-bearing unit; that is to say, instead of constructing a framework of stainless steel or welded duralumin and hanging from it sheets of plasterboard, compacted magnesium-glue lamellae or other semi-permeable pliable units, the unknown



"How's this one for complete protection?"

architect has built his wall by laying his *bricks* one on top of the other, joining them by thin layers of some crude plastic now unknown to science, until the desired height has been reached. On reaching the desired height he apparently stopped laying *bricks*. The daring use of such unconventional methods at a remote age will startle the student, who will be disposed more to admire than to emulate it.

After this digression, which seems more appropriate to the austere pages of *TRADWEVOK* than to the cosy domesticity of *SOBDINTS*, we are allowed to penetrate to the upper story, where we find the lower story perfectly duplicated; in other words, there are two sub-units, one at the front, one at the rear, the front one being about ten feet by eight by six and the rear one slightly narrower. *SOBDINTS*, still astonished by the unorthodoxy of the Dwelling's construction,

digresses again here to remark that the floor on which one now stands is supported by joists *resting* on the load-bearing walls. Why the architect adopted this singular device instead of merely throwing out cantilevered corbels from the spandrels above the architraves, securing these to the entablature by pendentives resting on squinches, and slinging a web of prefabricated manganese mesh from the corbels to act as a universal sag-joint bearing a floor of compressed nut-pulp, or some similar simple expedient, we can only conjecture.

That, unfortunately, is as far as we can take this brief review of *SOBDINTS*. The writer feels that *BIBS* has not, on the whole, been too polite about his *Traditional Dwelling*, and rather hopes that some of the bits about Greatwynd Grimgates will slip through into the final edition.

R. P. LISTER



"Miss Clixby, take a letter . . . Featherston, about that merger . . .
You listen to this, Willerby . . . Ah, my tea . . ."

AN INVITATION TO DINE

NO, Hermes, no.
I can make search among my
dresses,
And Gaston will for gold arrange
my tresses;
A diamond I can find, or two,
To hang below my ear;
Both nylon stocking and brocade
shoe
I have to wear.
Yet, Hermes, NO. Indeed I cannot
go.
For carrot, cabbage, bean,
The peeled potato and the fatal
pear
Discount my festal air
With fingers that I cannot clean
And hands I dare not show.



*"I wish I knew where he comes from—
he owes me for three months' papers."*

GRIEVANCE

"THEY'VE done it for screw
threads," Colonel Fyffeline said
as they left the joint headquarters
building. "It shouldn't be so
difficult."

"What shouldn't be so diffi-
cult?"

"They're even talking about
doing it with weapons," Fyffeline
went on.

"Talking about doing what?"

"Standardizing them," Fyffeline
said. "Making them the same. So
I can't see why they shouldn't do
it with this stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Chocolates," Fyffeline held up
a gaily wrapped box. "The choco-
lates you buy in pound and half-
pound boxes. De luxe assortments,
they're usually called. If anything
needs standardizing . . ." He left
the sentence unfinished.

"You sound as though you have
a grievance."

"I have. I have just had a box
of American chocolates. Only on
rare occasions did I bite into one
and get what I expected." He
paused momentarily. "Working
together, however friendly you
may be, inevitably creates certain
frictions. It seems pointless to
create them unnecessarily."

"I see what you mean."

"I'm not at all sure that you
do," Fyffeline said sententially.
"I've been on edge for days. For
years a square chocolate has meant
a hard, chewy interior, on both sides
of the Atlantic. But not any more.
The Americans are blazing new
trails. They have made the square
chocolate versatile."

"Deplorable. Perhaps they have
an excess of the pioneering spirit."

"And the rectangular type,"

Fyffeline continued. "That has
always denoted crackly, brittle con-
tents, or perhaps nougat. I had one
from America that contained coffee
crème." He shook his head sadly.

"I don't like to exaggerate," he said,
"but I think that sacrilege is not
too strong a word."

"Outrageous."

"So it goes through an entire
pound," Fyffeline sighed. "There
was a time when I could pick a
peppermint out of a mountain of
chocolates. You know, the small,
round kind, flat on top. When I
tried it with that American box
I got coconut. Nobody should
bite into coconut without clear
warning."

"But surely they have not dis-
guised everything. Are there no

longer the distinctive markings we
know so well?"

"A few have survived," Fyffeline
said. "After all, what can you do
with an almond whirl! But more
ground is lost every day."

"It seems to me there always
have been some chocolates which
remained a mystery until you bit
into them."

"True," Fyffeline said. "But
even there we have a divergence.
In our country such chocolates are
filled with nameless jams and jellies.
In America, no doubt because of
the widespread preoccupation with
health, they are filled with what
appears to be dental cream."

"This is plainly a field in which
there is much to be done."

"Urgently," Fyffeline said.

"There must be a committee some-
where that deals with this sort of
thing. We might as well bring in
the other countries too. I shall
send the General a memorandum at
once. We may have to make a few
concessions ourselves, of course—
forgo marzipan, perhaps, to restore
the nut cluster to its old place.
But after all, if we cannot march
together on such a simple matter as
this, what hope is there on the great
issues that confront us all!"

ADDLED!

IT was an enormous emporium, built not for human beings but giants, slow processions of giraffes, and the stultification of earthquakes. Streams of women were going in and out. I followed the inward stream up steps, through revolving doors and into chaos. It was magnificent chaos, like a painting by Bosch, like ballet on a Governmental scale.

Fascinated, I stood and watched, and after a while appreciated that the chaos had purpose. It swept inwards to a given point and then radiated outwards, up stairs, down stairs, along corridors, into doors, into lifts, away to heaven knew where. The given point was a man, high, big, be-medalled—a king of men. I allowed myself to be carried with the stream towards him. As I swept past I cried "Babies' priority eggs!" and out of the uproar, the chaos, the fury, the shouting, the groans and squeals, the stamping of feet and the battering of elbows came back his one word of genius: "Basement."

I was washed like debris against a wall. Resting limply upon a stone dragon I realized that I was in a sound tactical position: I was by steps which did indeed go downwards. I was in.

At the bottom of the steps was



"I want a port that marries mobility with discretion, that awes the palate with its full-bodied pride of breeding, and yet has the humility to offer itself for twelve or thirteen shillings."

more traffic control. This time it was a woman. How I admired that woman! She was enormous in height, volume and confidence. She just glared at the stream of women and let 'em have it: "Tuesdays only"—"Fill in the form properly"—"Invalid mother? Queue there..." She saw me floating towards her, struggled to make out whether I was masculine or feminine, and let out a decisive "Priority ex-Service and invalids upstairs!"

I shouted back "Babies' priority eggs!" and she roared, with all the contempt she could muster for the sort of man who would flounder about in such a place on his Saturday morning off, "Corridor A."

There were two rooms along Corridor A. I entered the one that had its door open. Inside were rows of chairs, and facing them a counter which guarded one side of the room. Behind it middle-aged women were playing with pieces of paper. They lifted them up, looked at them, and watched them drift down again. On the chairs, clasping babies, sat women, all looking as though they had gone far, far beyond anger and despair to the regions of numbness, indifference, silence...

A woman said "Next," and on the countenance of one mother stupefaction changed to panic. She stepped forward and started a long, sad story which began: "You know when I came here in August? Well, just after that..." Everyone listened callously and then the clerk said "You'll have to see the supervisor. Ask for Miss Kemp." The mother said "Ask who?" but the clerk said "Next," and the mother drifted away to the bus queue, long, useless explanations, the furious husband, the starving baby, divorce...

Nobody wanted to be next. They didn't want to face the horrors of interrogation. I said "Babies' priority eggs!" but the clerk said "Not your turn." She examined her finger-nails until a baby began to scream. The baby's mother stood up to be the next customer.

In a quarter of an hour it was my turn. I said "Babies' priority eggs!" and the clerk, almost purring, said "Wrong room. Across the corridor."

On the other side of Corridor A the room was small, cosy, personal. In it were three lady clerks playing the paper game. No customers at all. There was a tremendous silence in which could be heard the breathing of paper, ideas forming and dying, and dust accumulating. I sat still and waited.

Another woman came in, went behind the counter, and whispered deafeningly into an awaiting ear: "Now listen. I think it will be all right. When she comes, say that Mrs. James wanted to go at twelve because they'd got the purple wool at Harris's. So I said if she went at twelve I would stay till one and it wouldn't matter when you went. Only Mrs. James couldn't get the wool at Harris's and had to go to Wilson's. That meant we were all out for a quarter of an hour. Anyway, she got the wool..." The other woman said "Yes." The visitor said "Have you had tea?" and all three clerks said "Yes, it's half past eleven." "Is it?" said the visitor. "Then I must go and wash."

Silence once more, and then a telephone rang. The woman who answered it shouted into the mouthpiece: "I don't think Thursday will do. Harry's got a meeting... Tuesday, then... Bring the Canasta... Oh, don't worry about that. We're not busy..."

She rang off and settled down to the paper game. I made a slight movement to release a cramp that was setting in. She looked up, realized that I was not a mural, and said "Have you been attended to?" I said "No"; then, to make it seem more friendly: "Curiously enough, I was wondering—"

"What," she said, "was it you wanted?"

"Babies' priority eggs," I said.

She took my baby's ration book and played with it.

"How long," I asked when I had got it, "does this priority last?"

"Until the end of this period," she said.

"When will that be?"

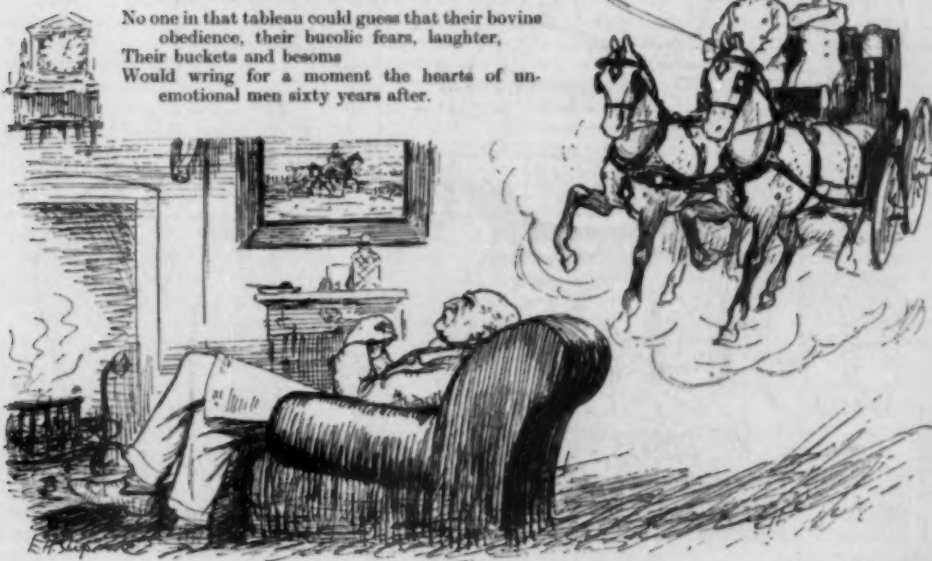
"Next Tuesday," she said, and smiled brightly. "Then you'll have to come again."



FROSTY MORNING - 1890

A RAKE rings on the stone setts of the stable yard,
The desiccated straw cracks in the hand of a
garnering hind,
In the witless brain of the stable boy there's no
more regard
For the carriage horses as he turns from the
frozen pump to find
The uncritical stable cat (her twitching tail erect)
Questing his gaitered calf. Spears of pale sun pierce
the brittle air, dust flecked . . .

No one in that tableau could guess that their bovine
obedience, their bucolic fears, laughter,
Their buckets and besoms
Would wring for a moment the hearts of un-
emotional men sixty years after.



THE DONORS

BEHIND the canvas screens, flat on the enamel
trolleys,
Still, with smiling resolute faces and turned-up toes,
Flitted above by an attendant cloud of doctors and
nurses,
They are all laid out in rows:

The old, the oldish and the young, the dark, the pallid
and the ruddy,
The short, the stocky and the tall, the slim, the avelte
and the obese,
Men and women of every age and kind and complexion
Giving their pint apiece:

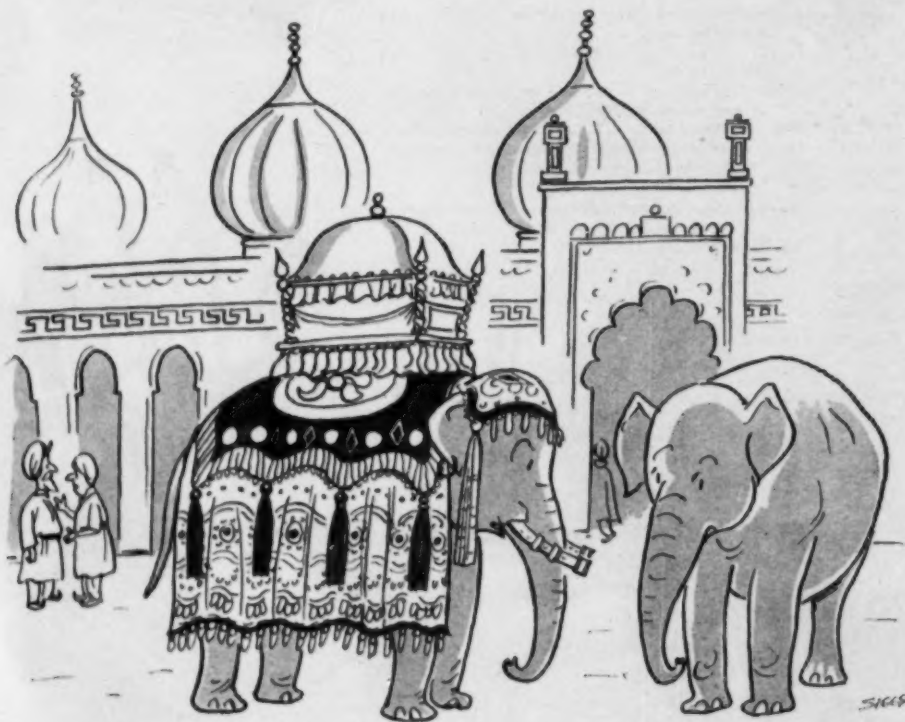
The old chap from the mill, the pretty girl from the
chemist's,
The wimpled nun with the face like fourteenth-
century stone;

New ones coming in pairs, and old ones bringing in
new ones,
And veterans coming alone.

The hall is full of the waft of ether and antiseptic
And the curious, uneasy warmth that mass well-doing
evokes;
The tea-urns bubble and hiss, and the donors whisper
and giggle
At small sub-standard jokes.

And we, who have all been done, can sit relaxed and
complacent,
Sipping our sweet, weak tea and finding it strangely
nice;
Tasting the pleasant tang of being a little heroic
At a small (to be honest) price.

P. M. HUBBARD



"I got all dressed up like this, and then he changes his mind and takes the car."



THE term "super-market" might reasonably put a Briton's back up. It could well suggest to him a pretension to comestibles larger than life or superior to reality. A pound of one's favorite tea remains just that. Why seek the super-turnip? Who needs, for the purposes of the household, the super-muffin? Does a super-egg come from an ostrich, or from some gigantic and queenly hen? Just what is this nonsensical term supposed to mean, other than brag?

Because it exerts so powerful an effect on visitors from overseas, the super-market deserves some mention in this correspondence. "My friends found for me an inexpensive apartment," remarked a visiting paleontologist, "and we are near a wonderful super-market." He proved to be referring to a sizable but perfectly ordinary chain grocery store, of which some hundreds are found in any metropolitan area, whereas the super-market, he learned a few days later, is the same sort of establishment raised to the 11th power.

Super-markets, even in the United States, are still to be counted by the dozens—the really big ones. On the West Coast they may include automobile dealers, branch banking, beauty shops, fortune tellers and so on among their concessionaires, but the one to which the paleontologist and his wife eventually found their way is in the East and, more soberly, deals only in food-stuffs (and drugs, household articles, cut flowers, alcoholic beverages and tobacco products as well). It

offers some 3,500 separate items for sale, and its main functions would otherwise be shared by the butcher, baker, grocer, greengrocer, fish-monger, and dairy. From 9 A.M. to 9 at night it keeps on the jump a staff of 215, mostly college students employed, for their own convenience, in four- or five-hour shifts. Another crew works all night at unloading and arranging the next day's offerings. This is, of course, a self-service, cash-and-carry business, just like its smaller competitors; if ordinary sales methods were used, four or five times as many clerks would be needed. "But even then," the manager explains, "they couldn't take care of the rush-hour load." At this point, then, one should explain wherein the term super-market is not a boast but a reality: it connotes astonishing speed and convenience, the greatest possible variety of goods, and prices that

are not merely competitive, but are themselves the criterion of low prices anywhere.

To speed up a meat purchase, for instance, the super-market displays almost all imaginable cuts of meat, in various dimensions, wrapped in cellophane. Each bears a label showing the weight, the price per pound, and the net price to the customer. Most needs could be satisfied from the display case, but a sign urges shoppers to call on the butchers for any variations they wish. Many vegetables are similarly wrapped and labeled, after a grading process which excludes anything not in perfect condition. The uniform quality of the fruit and vegetables impressed the paleontologist's wife almost as much as the market itself. "It's hard for me to believe the cleanliness, the airiness, and the lightness here," she exclaimed. "No litter and no waste."

Its bid for volume does not mean that the super-market deals only in essentials. It sells truffles,

chicken breasts, almost every cheese but a Pont L'Évêque, live lobsters (about 4s. the pound), lobster meat, crab flakes, and all manner of scarce vegetables. The price of a large orchid is 7s.; a very large one costs about 10s. "You hear a lot about the Hawaiian orchids that are shipped in by air freight," the manager explains, "but they are quite small, and we don't use them." On the day before a holiday like Thanksgiving or Christmas, the super-market sells as many as 2,500 orchids, among other flowers, and if a hostess wishes to decorate her urban table with sheaves of yellow grain, its florist can supply them. With a half-dozen or more colleges and universities nearby, the super-market offers for football games a corsage in the college colors (5s. and up), and it ships them by air, two or three hundred at a time, to college games and dances in more distant places.

In the summer every department of the super-market is air-conditioned. Wired music is heard *obligato*. No allurements to purchase is missing. It would not be fair to speak of gadgets in this connection, because the few in evidence are so downright useful. One is a machine into which a young woman is perpetually feeding oranges; she dispenses fresh orange juice by the glass or in pint, quart, or half-gallon jars, to those who prefer it to the frozen sort; both kinds cost about the same. At another battery of machines the customers can grind freshly-roasted coffee beans to any desired fineness. Near the meat department 15 or 20 chickens are revolving on spits in a *rôtisserie*, and the paleontologist could not resist taking one home for dinner. "Perfect," he reported the next day.

The super-market includes also a large section for special foods—bakery products and confectionery for salt-free or sugar-free diets. Its delicatessen counter runs about half the length of the room. Its



car-park can accommodate 500 cars at a time. Its final transaction with the customer is conducted by any one of a dozen cashiers, each aided by a team of four who unload the shopper's cart and transfer the purchases into bags. If the load is too much for the shopper, an attendant will take it out to the car-park and stow it aboard. Marketing at such a place is made extraordinarily easy and inexpensive. Twenty minutes in it could produce the equivalent of a half-day's rummaging in any number of lesser shops.

* * * * *

The television audience on election night must have thought, for a time at least, that the landslide was for Betty Furness rather than the General. Not even during the nominating conventions in July did this young actress (who delivers the commercials for an electric company

that sponsored the election telecast) cause so many toasters to jump-up, so many oven doors to open, so many refrigerators to disclose their interior wonders, over a coast-to-coast network. "Here," chirped Betty, as the General began cracking the solid South, "is our new open-handle iron!" She hustled over to the kitchen table and put the iron on it. "See!" She pointed to the open-handle, circling about it in a kind of ecstasy. She spoke of electric blankets. Here too were the new stoves, in which one could bake a pie, and even a cake. Dozens of washing-machine knobs yielded to her touch, as Governor Stevenson's electoral vote took its final dip. When last seen she was holding up a "genuine ballpoint pen" which would be given absolutely free to anyone ordering—it must have been about 1 A.M. by that time—

three of her sponsor's electric light bulbs.

A comparable situation lies ahead, when the presidential inauguration takes place on January 20. One motor manufacturer will sponsor the television coverage of the proceedings by the Columbia network. Another is to sponsor the National Broadcasting Company's telecast of the same occasion. Neither manufacturer is likely to omit a few affirmatives about his product or film sequences showing its smart-new-styling, and it will not be surprising if the whole change-over appears to have been brought to pass "through the courtesy of Packillac dealers everywhere." What the retiring President and his successor will actually ride in is thus far undetermined, but a landau, drawn by a team of spanking bays, is not out of the question.

CHARLES W. MORTON



AGONY COLUMN

DEAR SIR,—I am no historian, so have no axe to grind in what follows. Recent history, you'll agree, has been pretty poor stuff, mostly engineering and science and war, etc., and nothing really to do with human beings as such. Historians, I reckon, deserve a break, so why not give them something solid to chew on in the newspapers? Take the personal cols. When I was a lad the personal cols., or agony cols. as we called them, were full of real human, and therefore historical, interest. Examples:

Rita. Come home all is forgiven. Dad.

B.J.C. Meet me Victoria, nine sharp, Thursday. Dan.

To girl in red hat, blue coat and shawl who met young man fair moustache in Lambeth, Sat., and went to Palais with him. Please communicate Ronnie Wilson, 182A Fosdyke Place, E.C.3., as latter uncertain time arranged Thursday 7.15 or 7.30.

Messages like these mean something to social historians. Such items can help them to reconstruct the Life of an epoch with a capital L.

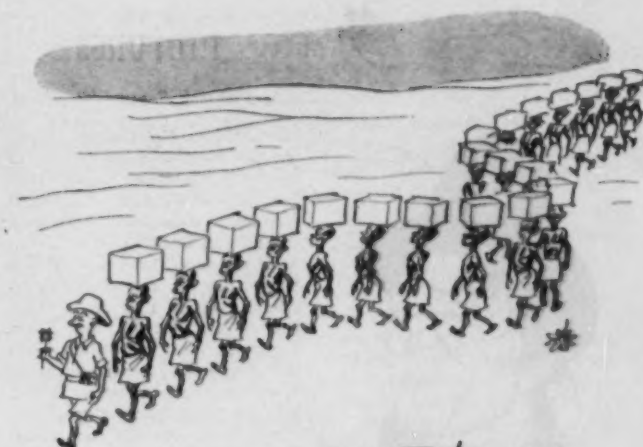
Now take the personal ads. of to-day and try to imagine what the historian of a hundred years hence will make of them. Examples:

Have you considered using "Snugfast" draught excluders? Costs so little, so easy to fit, and so long-lasting. In five colours, four sizes, from any good chemist, haberdasher, ironmonger.

Send your old velvet for expert chemical analysis to Beaconsbury Place, Beaconsbury. We are specialists, but we cannot specialize without your help.

Darby and Joan. Let me teach you colloquial Portuguese in complete privacy. Money-back guarantee. Box 92653.

Tondeleyo Broome still has a few copies of her book ("... forceful ...") Minnie Cook, *Belfast*



not Packer

Weekly Star) on mushroom-growing, *The Mushroom and I*. Copies, price 6/-, from 16 Alderman Street, Redditch.

"Billie." Get a British-made cash register by Fingerson Ltd. "Bonzo."

Sam. See you at the Speech Anxiety lecture (free) at Willis St. Schools, Putney, December 8. Hengist.

"In the middle of the twentieth century," the historian of A.D. 2052 will write, "just before the disastrous experimental explosion of the K-Bomb, the people of Britain were understandably uneasy about the future. Their private correspondence—judging by the samples preserved in the Personal columns of the newspapers—reveals a growing distrust of European civilization. Many people hastened to furnish themselves with a working knowledge of foreign languages. Portuguese, taught in secret (probably because such escapist tendencies were regarded as unpatriotic), was popular since it opened up possibilities of emigration to the rich and comparatively safe land of Brazil. Contamination from radioactive materials was already a serious menace and friends wrote to each other with advice on how to cleanse coats and hats. The food shortage

drove many people to cultivate mushrooms in their cellars. Fuel was so scarce and the danger of airborne infection so acute that remarkable devices were invented to exclude fresh air from houses and offices. But the most serious cause of unrest and disquiet was the vast Governmental network designed to root out those with Communistic affiliations and leanings. A wrong word, a careless word, was enough to banish a man for life to the salt-mines of Cheshire or Tees-side, and as a result the whole population suffered from a distressing neurosis or malady known as speech-anxiety. Economically the country was in a desperate condition. All cash (money) had to be registered, and ..."

Something like that.

Unfortunately the historians themselves do not seem to be aware of the trouble they are storing up for their successors. Only this morning I see in my paper a personal col. item that reads:

Oxford historian, able drive car, anxious contact Cambridge historian with view to sharing flat and research. Will go anywhere. Capital available. Box 30851.

Hoping you can find room for this in your excellent paper.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



at the PICTURES



The Pickwick Papers—The Thief



(*The Pickwick Papers*)
Alfred Jingle—NIGEL PATRICK

PROBABLY one of the first reactions of most people seeing the film of *The Pickwick Papers* (Director: NOEL LANGLEY) will be summed up in some such remark as "I never realized Jingle was such an important character." I am not considering fanatical Dickensians who will angrily announce with perfect certainty that Jingle was not such an important character, because the opinions of fanatical lovers of a book about any film that is based on it are nearly always irrelevant. Of course on this one point they would be right enough: in fact, Jingle had nothing like such stature in the book as he has in the film, where he becomes a sort of opposite number to Pickwick, so that between them they positively provide the whole affair with something like a plot. But it appears that Mr. LANGLEY (who also did the screenplay) came to the conclusion that to emphasize Jingle was the only way to give the thing some shape. The alternative—short of a day-long picture that simply dramatized everything in the sprawling heap of episodes—was to pick out as many incidents as could be got

into average feature-film length; and the inevitable leaving out of somebody's favourite scenes would have proved far more annoying if done quite arbitrarily than it is here, when it can be defended as refusal to be distracted from a story line. I found the film remarkably entertaining. JAMES HAYTER is excellent as Mr. Pickwick, and NIGEL PATRICK's speed and vitality give the unexpectedly important part of Jingle a strength to match. In fact, it is the combination of speed and energy that carries the whole thing; it shows up very clearly the unreal, farcical basis of the narrative, but that certainly does no harm to its entertainment value. As characters, some of the minor people become very shadowy: it's odd that a verbal description of appearance and clothes will make a far stronger impression on the reader than the sight of a careful reconstruction of the figure described, and Winkle, Tupman and Snodgrass (for instance) do not manage to seem very solid. One performance of great comic virtuosity is DONALD WOLFF's Sergeant Buzfuz.

Inevitably *The Thief* (Director: RUSSELL ROUSE) will be regarded as a curiosity: not a word is spoken in it, and an overriding interest at every other moment is to notice how the problem of doing without dialogue is being solved. But I think it stands up on its own merits as a perfectly good suspense-and-pursuit story, and such is the nature of the subject that the merest hint of a word or two here and there would get rid of all impression of artificiality. The central figure is that favourite hero-villain of these days, a nuclear physicist. At the start of the picture he (RAY MILLAND) is thoroughly involved in a "spy ring," and the incident is mainly built round his dealings with it. Since all concerned naturally prefer to avoid public conversation, the orders he gets and the action he

takes in consequence don't demand speech anyway; only in one or two scenes with outsiders—notably a girl (RITA GAM) whose efforts to attract him are calculated to make a block of stone talk—does everybody's determined silence approach absurdity. One gets an unusually strong feeling of place (New York) and, because of the use of natural silence and sound without the distraction of speech, a sensation of air; and there are some passages of very powerful suspense. It's much more than a curiosity.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Two big ones coming up: *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* and *Top Secret*. Apart from those, London still offers CHAPLIN's *Limelight* (29/10/52), as well as *Golden Marie* or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52) and *Kon-Tiki* with *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (22/10/52).

Releases include that hoked-up fashion-show *It Started in Paradise* (12/11/52) and an uneven farce with good bits which impudently steals the classic title *Monkey Business*.

RICHARD MALLETT



(*The Thief*)
Allan Fields—RAY MILLAND
The Girl—RITA GAM



Impressions of Parliament



Monday, November 17

As is not infrequently the case with well-advertised Parliamentary battles, to-day's contest over the

House of Commons:
Transport Bill

Second Reading of the Government's Transport Bill fell rather flat. True, there were manful—and womanful—efforts on the Opposition side to arouse excitement, but they achieved little—beyond making the Minister of Transport's speech a little jerky.

In fact, they served best as a foil for what must surely have been the longest exercise in Parliamentary urbanity ever performed. In face of an (at times) almost unbroken barrage of interjections and questions, Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD succeeded in putting his complicated and controversial case in just under fifty minutes—and never once showed even the faintest trace of anger or impatience. The Government side of the House, indeed, seemed to be in positively jovial mood, and Mr. CHURCHILL was smiling so broadly, both during the Minister's speech and during that of Mr. MORRISON, which followed, that he annoyed some of the Opposition Members merely by being so jolly.

Mr. L.-B.'s case was the familiar one: that over-co-ordination of transport was a mistake and that an element of keen competition would be beneficial to transport and good for those who had to use road haulage.

The Government was ready to make concessions where these could be shown to be in the best interests of improved road transport. He knew the Bill would take a long time to pass, but then so did all good things take time to reach their best. All this was punctuated by solo cries from M.P.s opposite, and, from time to time, by a chorus of protest or inquiry. The Minister mildly said he could get on faster if he were allowed to utter more than three sentences without having to overcome counter-speeches, and eventually Mr. Speaker intervened to quieten the House a little.

Even he had to rap: "Order! Both of you!" to the Minister and an interrupter, before he could win silence enough to administer his rebuke.

The Minister's case ended, to a long cheer from his side of the House, and Mr. MORRISON rose, to as big a cheer from *his*. He said that, in spite of the Minister's "slick" speech, the whole thing was unnecessary and upsetting. So much so, in fact, that his Party intended, when it had the power, to upset the whole industry again by returning it to State control. The Government was acting on purely Party political



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Miss Jennie Lee (Mrs. Aneurin Bevan)
(Cannock)

lines, without regard to the feelings or interests of anybody. And so on.

As a model of debating, none of it could be recommended to a class of learners. The Minister, at one stage, was talking about the Crimean War, the inventor of the "Rocket" and the Window Tax. Mr. MORRISON, having remarked that the present was a "funny Government," moved on to a piece on Tory Party funds and thence to the London County Council elections in 1937. He repeated *fortissimo* the call to battle.

Mr. EROCH POWELL, across the Floor, accepted the challenge, and replied with such a barrage of facts that everybody felt a bit dizzy. From then on, except that Sir RALPH GLENN intervened, from the Government side of the House, in support of the Opposition, everything was very normal. And the debate continues to-morrow.

Tuesday, November 18

Their Lordships' House, by sheer superior showmanship, often seriously rivals the attractions of Another Place, and it was so to-day. The debate was on our prisons, and these "human" subjects nearly always produce something lively and interesting. Earl JOWITT, Leader of the Opposition and former Lord Chancellor, provided the dramatic "News" touches.

He gave an account of a conversation he had had with a lady who was the temporary guest of the Crown at Aylesbury Prison. From this it appeared not only that the establishment had every mod. con. but that its cons. were far superior to those obtainable outside. There was, for instance, no servant problem, for the merest touch on the bell-push would produce (day or night) that soft-footed, suave service which is to most of us a dream of far-off happy things. The liveliest of literature, too, available on request, and—best of all—food served "so beautifully hot," and no queues. Their Lordships, many the possessors of houses and castles in which nowadays almost none of these amenities can be found, did not bother to conceal their envy. Nor did they seem at all surprised to be told by the noble Earl that the lady in question had, on the conclusion of her involuntary stay, insisted on her husband's purchasing a house in the salubrious air of Aylesbury, resolutely refusing to return to the North.

Lord JOWITT raised a (rather surprised) cheer when he asked whether that sort of thing was really the way to produce contrition and reform. "It is," he said, "a completely wrong outlook to think that the path of reformation is assisted by trying to provide all the material comforts you can."

The Bishop of CHICHESTER thought Lord JOWITT had been "led up the garden path" by the Lady of

Aylesbury, but this was stoutly denied. The Lord Chancellor also doubted the authenticity of the picture of Aylesbury—or any other prison—but Lord CALVERLEY, in partial corroboration, spoke of a man in a North Country prison who asked to be allowed to stay on for a few days, after the end of his sentence, so that he might see the hatching of eggs by his pet canary—presumably also doing time.

The Great Elected were definitely in a Mood. Mr. CHURCHILL, as yesterday, sat smilingly on the Treasury Bench, seeming to enjoy the liverishness shown in other parts of the House. But when Mr. ARTHUR LEWIS (who is not one of the P.M.'s favourite interrogators) asked that Lord ALEXANDER, as Minister of Defence, should go to Korea with General Eisenhower, Mr. C.'s smile faded abruptly.

"I am well aware," he said, in tones straight out of the refrigerator, "of your deep concern with many matters above your comprehension!"

This produced what used to be called "cheers and counter-cheers"

which went on for some time, and were not stilled by Mr. L.'s aggrieved claim that the rules forbade "aspersions and rude remarks by Ministers." He rather spoiled the effect by adding that Mr. C. had made a "complete muck-up" of his reply.

Mr. Speaker, the Compleat Diplomat, said he had heard nothing out of order and added that there were *many* things above *his* comprehension—a rider which left a lot of people looking a bit thoughtful.

The Minister of Works announced the raising of the free-licence repair allowance for private buildings from £200 to £500 a year, and for agricultural and industrial buildings from £500 to £2,000. Apparently on the principle that too much good news undermines the nation's morale, Mr. LENNOX-BOYD then announced that railway freight rates are to go up at once, and hinted broadly that passenger fares would rise next year.

And so to the Transport Bill again, and what must surely have been one of the duller debates ever.

It ended with a division, which the Government won.

In the small hours of the morning there was a debate—appropriately—on the later closing of shops. To this proposal the Labour Party took strong exception, declaring that, if they were defeated in the vote, shopworkers would themselves take industrial action to defeat the later opening. It was a bad-tempered discussion, but it ended in victory for the Government, by which hour—4 A.M.—the Talking Shop had been kept open considerably after normal closing-time.

Wednesday, November 19

As if to prove that a shopworker who is kept too late at work cannot be so alert as one who goes home at a reasonable hour, the House of Commons seemed to be giving an exhibition of jaded lack of interest. Question-time went by in a sort of haze, and the subsequent debates—on a variety of small but important Bills—were not much more lively.

House of Commons:
Assorted Bills



"As usual! Just as I've got the baby to sleep!"

AT THE
PLAY

Les Bonnes (ROYAL COURT)—*The Crazy Gang* (VICTORIA PALACE)

LES BONNES is not at all a pretty play. Its author, JEAN GENET, has made a reputation for himself in France with his highly spiced autobiographical novel, "Notre Dame des Fleurs," and French critics consider him a new and great poet of low life. He is obsessed by crime and perversion, and the underworld is his oyster.

cast; two maids, who are sisters, are driven by their loathing of their mistress, a successful prostitute, into a ritual of hysterical parody in which they assume her identity and torture one another in a ghastly ecstasy of hate. The sadism of all this is horrible; it is only made tolerable, and indeed gripping, by the sense of pity which shines

blast of jet aircraft, which gives their skirts an untimely buoyancy. Compressed-air vents have presumably been built into the stage, and on the first night, after a Far Eastern melodrama had suffered a temporary breakdown when Miss VALERIE TANDY's dress suddenly behaved like a parachute, FLANAGAN came on to take a solemn bow while KNOX and Miss TANDY wept uncontrollably. In short, the Gang are up to all their old tricks, and are still thinking of new ones, the five irrepressibles enjoying themselves like small boys at a party. They make up for an almost complete lack of wit by boundless vitality and comic sense; the sub-cerebral laugh is a perfectly honest dividend, and it is generously declared. FLANAGAN remains the biggest personality, and his songs are the best thing in the evening; but KNOX now seems to me the funniest of the five. Spectacle is not forgotten in a production distinguished by the wonderful acrobatics of THE BOGDADI and the infinite precision of the JOHN TILLER GIRLS.



BUD FLANAGAN

JIMMY NERVO
TEDDY KNOX
JIMMY GOLD
CHARLIE NAUGHTON

[Ring Out the Bells]

If Ibsen was a dirty little Norwegian looking down a drainpipe, then one shudders to think how deep into the sewers one must go to find fit analogies for the work of GENET. But the critic is not simply a sanitary inspector (as some Victorian critics believed they were), and having agreed to these unpleasant aspects of GENET, one must also accept the further fact that he writes extremely well, and can distil, out of horror and degradation, an extraordinary compassion.

Les Bonnes is a nightmare play, the product of a diseased imagination, and yet contains strangely moving passages and is clearly the work of a remarkable dramatist. Played in French for an hour and a half without an interval, its mad dreamlike story has a tension that defies even the legion of autumn coughers. Acted badly it could sink easily into macabre farce, but at the Court it is given with alarming skill. Three women make up the

through. The vision of the elder sister when she sees her downtrodden colleagues marching in a kind of celestial crocodile is revealed in a speech of great beauty. Miss SELMA VAE DIAS plays this sister with searing bitterness, Miss OLIVE GREIG, as the younger one, is terrifying in her twisted innocence, and Miss BETTY STOCKFIELD presents the mistress in effective contrast. Whether GENET's work should be put in the dust-bin or on the top shelf of one's library must be a personal decision. It qualifies amply for either.

The Crazy Gang are back, for several unbroken years at a guess, and to celebrate their twenty-first birthday put on a nostalgic programme reflecting the chief glories of their chaotic past. One greets as an old friend the row of tottering pre-fabs, but this time the Gang, a trifle heavier in aggregate, blossom as baby-sitters and are pulverized not by pneumatic drills but by the

Recommended

The Innocents (Her Majesty's) will chill the stoutest spine. *Dial "M" for Murder* (Westminster) is clever crime, and *Wild Horses* (Aldwych) gives Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn a breathless gallop.

ERIC KEOWN

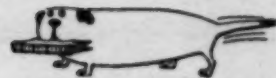


[*Les Bonnes*]

Selma—Miss SELMA VAE DIAS



Booking Office



Cosmopolitan and Insular

Arrow in the Blue. Arthur Koestler. *Collins with Hamish Hamilton, 18/-.*

Ernest Bevin. Francis Williams. *Hutchinson, 21/-.*

Stanley Baldwin. G. M. Young. *Rupert Hart-Davis, 21/-.*

IT is as unhealthy to remain insular after the world has leaped your moat as it is to protract adolescence. The extent of our insularity between the wars can be gauged by comparing two new biographies of British statesmen with *Arrow in the Blue*, the first volume of Mr. Arthur Koestler's autobiography. He was a Hungarian Jew, an infant prodigy, a chess-playing physicist and engineer, a Zionist University student, an unsuccessful farm labourer, lemonade-seller and press agent in Palestine, Middle East correspondent for a newspaper chain, Paris correspondent, science editor of all the Ullstein publications in Berlin, the only journalist on the Graf Zeppelin's polar flight, and a convert to Communism. The volume ends in 1931, when Hitler was rising from the ruins of the Slump and Mr. Koestler was twenty-six. The outlines of the last twenty years of his life are known already from his other books, and what strikes one about his career is how often it led him to the place where things were going on, the things that in retrospect are seen to have been significant. This gives his autobiography an

interest that soars beyond its readability. History needs the evidence of observers as well as participants.

In comparison with this active, versatile mind, how limited and stodgy Ernest Bevin seems, even in Mr. Francis Williams' admiring pages. His bitter fights seem to have been as often against rival Trade Union leaders as against social evils. Mr. Williams repeatedly refers to Bevin's close identification with his Union members; but it seems to have taken the form of occasional outbursts of public matinees combined with a passionate belief that he was entitled to their unremitting loyalty in whatever course of action he undertook. Mr. Williams is frank about Bevin's weaknesses, his venomous jealousy, his hysterical egocentricity, his bullying manner. His accounts of the great Union mergers and of the way the Constitutions were manipulated to give Bevin dictatorial power seem to belong to the biography of a late-nineteenth-century railway tycoon in the U.S.A.

At the Ministry of Labour he was a success; but it is on his achievements at the Foreign Office that he will be judged by history.

Mr. G. M. Young is a literary and historical essayist of tremendous verve and erudition. Stanley Baldwin appointed him to be his biographer, but the choice was not much more inspired than his choice of Sir Thomas Inskip as Minister of Defence. Mr. Young has produced a wayward little sketch that suffers from his lack of interest in the twentieth century and his impatience with sustained contemplation of a single subject.

Mr. Young attacks Baldwin for his indolence and for his neglect of Foreign Affairs and Defence, but the thesis of his essay is that despite Baldwin's weakness in face of the pacifist tide he prevented civil war during the 'twenties and, by taming Labour to Parliamentary habits, enabled a united country to be brought into the war. Mr. Churchill referred to Baldwin as the greatest party manager the Conservatives ever had, and an astute and relentless politician, the most formidable of his lifetime. Mr. Young's Baldwin is a romantic, an orator, a prattler of old books and rural landscapes, who somehow managed to overthrow Governments and smash Oppositions and bewitch reformers. He seems like one of the Victorian Prime Ministers inexplicably living on, blotting out with cleverly wielded emotion and well-phrased platitudes the memory of the fruitful decades from the Balfour Education Act to the Irish Treaty. It is difficult to realize that he lived in the same period of history as Mr. Koestler.

R. G. G. PRICE

Recollection of a Journey. R. C. Hutchinson. *Cassell, 15/-.*

The journey is the journey of the Poles who, after the double violation of their country in 1939, were brutally deported by the Russians and subsequently



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"She hasn't been feeling very well lately."

dumped on the British in Persia. The recollection—in the first person—is that of a woman who, adopted by and later married into a family of Catholic military aristocrats, at first withstands their way of life but learns to know its value. Such a story of human floatam on the ebbing tide of a civilization is just Mr. Hutchinson's meat, and he rises triumphantly to the opportunity he has created for himself. No great stylist, he depends for his effect on his power to evoke images of such curious sharpness that it is difficult to believe that they are works of imagination. By his re-creation of this world of suffering and heroism, by his deeply sympathetic penetration of his heroine's mind, Mr. Hutchinson strengthens his claim to be ranked among the finest English novelists of our time.

B. A. Y.

Puccini. George R. Marek. Cassell, 21/-.

Mr. Marek feels, with Emerson, that the only true source of biography lies in the written (or recollected) confessions of the subject himself, and here are the fruits of much original research amongst both Puccini's correspondence and his surviving acquaintance. Much of the man may be judged from his music—erotic perhaps, sentimental certainly, but able to bring to life a little everyday world (in which ordinary conversation was for the first time set to music) around the inevitable heroine, with whom the composer was, equally inevitably, always in love. This book is of immense value in view of the deliberate suppression in earlier hero-worshipping biographies; if it reveals the self-doubt and melancholy of an artist whose personal life was more than usually prone to entanglement and uncertainty during the periods when he was not creatively working, it also sets him—man and musician—in proper proportion to his day and ability, neither magnifying his stature nor unnecessarily seeking his feet of clay.

J. D.

Plowmen's Clocks. Alison Uttley. Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe. Faber, 10/6.

Mrs. Uttley's precise and poignant memories of her country childhood recall one of Ruskin's most discerning comments on life: that when you have provided shelter, warmth, clothing and food, "all the rest is play or devotion." All six ingredients of content are offered here in a dozen little peep-shows: some of the past, revealing a farmhouse proud of its self-sufficiency, and some of the present, showing the farmhouse-child that was carrying on as much as possible of the tradition. You cannot serve such gods half-heartedly. A first glimpse of the kitchen that was the heart of the homestead would terrify the work-ahy. The massive silvery dish-covers adorning the wall—the largest meant to cover a twenty-pound sirloin—speak of elbow-grease and its rewards in the same breath. All the "play" is home-made, varied by rare visits to the market-town. Yet a poet might envy author and illustrator the emotion kindled by her prose and his woodcuts.

H. P. E.

SHORTER NOTES

The Vagrant Mood. W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann, 12/6. Six long essays, ranging from personal recollections of Augustus Hare and "Some Novelists I Have Known" (James, Wells, Bennett, "Elizabeth," Edith Wharton) to discussions of the aesthetic philosophy of Kant, the prose style of Burke, the life and art of Zoroaster, and the present state of the detective story. Narrative or argument, it is all written—and printed—for the most effortless reading.

The Anglo-Irish. Three Representative Types, 1692-1745. Brian FitzGerald. Staples Press, 25/-.

Protestant capitalism (a Tudor product) and aristocratic landlordism (a Norman one) did their best to ruin Ireland for the Irish; but the Protestant Ascendancy produced the first great Irish nationalist. Mr. FitzGerald is a partial historian. He uses all three of his "types" as though he loved them: Cork the "colonizer," Ormonde the Royalist, and Swift whose genius for championship meets its deserts.

Come and Fish. Michael Shephard. Muesum Press, 18/-.

A readable and commendably unprejudiced book of instruction by an author who refuses to see any social distinction between a fly and a float, and brings as much enthusiasm to the capture of a roach as to that of a salmon. Practical and comprehensive, with a nice sense of river pleasure.

Donkey Boy. Henry Williamson. Macdonald, 12/6.

Continues the history of that unattractive, essentially pathetic, prig hero of "The Dark Lantern," but chiefly concerned with his small son. Few better descriptions of an imaginative, selfish, sickly small boy, unlucky in one parent, have been written. Phillip is a nasty child, but the reader knows why. Some inessential uglinesses could be spared.

The Night Climbers of Cambridge. "Whiplashnaith." Chatto and Windus, 15/-.

Highly entertaining mock-serious account by understandably anonymous author of activities of lone adventurers in gym shoes, and informative guide to classic climbs up and over Cambridge colleges, with terrifying photographs. King's Chapel is, roughly, Everest. Illicit routes of entry thoughtfully omitted.

Pigs Have Wings. P. G. Wodehouse. Herbert Jenkins, 9/6.

Rather uninspired rehash of the old ingredients but very funny in bits: never falls below the trimly competent.

The 9 Wrong Answers. John Dickson Carr. Hamish Hamilton, 12/6.

Wild and ingenious puzzle, with a running fight between author and reader carried on in footnotes. Only for Dickson Carr fans, but will delight those.



"How about starting off with a sixth of a dozen oysters?"



CHRISTMAS BOOKS

For younger children



SINCE we must pay the piper, and bear with the sounds of saws, drums, hammers, whistles and all other kinds of Christmas musick, let us be kind to ourselves when choosing books for the children. We shall read them aloud, and be forced to enjoy or endure the pictures.

So, to begin with, here comes *The Fairy Caravan* (Warne, 10/6), by the late Beatrix Potter, published for the first time in this country, though America knew it in 1929. It is a full-length book—a slight hotch-potch, but scattered freely with the familiar magic—"Where is the likeliest place to find the pulse of a pig?" and "Mary Ellen was a fat tabby cat with sore eyes and white paws, and an unnecessarily purry manner." And, of course, the pictures are a joy. Kathleen Hale, deserting marmalade cats for a time, has written and pictured *Manda* (Murray, 8/6), a Jersey calf, who took a holiday in Ireland. As is shown in the delicious pictures, Manda has "large, flat, furry ears like bedroom slippers" and her nose, "black and shiny as liquorice," is powdered by the pollen of flowers. There is another book about Bumble, the pekingese—*Highland Bumble* (Collins, 7/6), and again we meet the vast Macmouse family (how the author-illustrator, Magdalen Eldon, puts such varied mouse-countenances into her tiny coloured and line drawings is a mystery) and are introduced to a benevolent dragon. Why are mice so endearing in fiction? We meet more of them in *The Greymouse Family* (Bodley Head, 8/6), by Nellie M. Leonard, with really lovely scraper-board illustrations by Barbara Cooney. The story is delightful.



"I can remember the days when they didn't know what the world was coming to."

For those who will pay a bigger price for pictures of elephants (though the bird drawings in it are particularly good) there is *Babar's Visit to Bird Island* (Methuen, 15/-), by Laurent de Brunhoff. There is another benign dragon in *So Hi and the White Horse of Fu* (James Barrie, 8/6), the third and equally excellent book about the magic horse and weeping dragon. The author, Cynon Beaton-Jones, and artist, John Wood, are well matched, but the book is for children past the picture-book stage, just as *Nellie Come Home* (Faber, 12/6), by Rowland Emmett, is for those who are not, and for grown-ups who might be expected to be. Nellie is a railway engine who, until she took to the air, lived on a railway that had seen better days. When she takes to the sea you will notice that her compass is fitted with a convenient weather-vane—a most practical idea, and so is the brass bed-end cow-catcher that adorns her later. Several authors have "gone down to the sea," though not in ships, and Judith Masefield, as is appropriate, tops the list with *The Marvellous Merlad* (Collins, 8/6). Who could resist a story that begins like this?—"Once upon a time there was a Mermaid called Mrs. Merinne. She was a widow and lived with her only son, Merlad, at the bottom of the sea near the Irish coast . . . 'I want to go up on the dry,' Merlad said." So he did, and his tail suffered, but not his tale, which is told in racy, rumbustious, poetical prose. Delightfully illustrated, though written a bit pompously by Peter Thornhill, is *The Winkle Society* (Macmillan, 10/6). Sea creatures form a society to lighten the burden of a wrinkle, and tell him their stories. *Fish Knight and Sea Maiden* (Hutchinson, 7/6), by Frances Dale with lovely pictures by Nigel Mould, tells how the Largest Cat in London is turned into a cat-fish and mixes with seals and mer-people. There is only space to mention *Belinda and the Swans* (Cape, 6/-), by Ian Serrallier, with its six narrative poems, swinging away from sing-song, and *Mary Plain and the Twins* (Routledge, 5/-), another story of the "illustrious cub—pride of the Swiss Nation," by Gwynedd Rae, illustrated by Irene Williamson. Last, for the whole family, is the *B.B.C. Children's Hour Annual* (Burke, 9/6), edited by May E. Jenkin, assisted by Freda Lingstrom and others—these Heads of Children's Hours have given us many more hours of delight. There is, also, a supreme Christmas card—*The Days Before Christmas* (Hamish Hamilton, 2/6), by Fritz Wegner. There is a snowy scene, and twenty-five little doors, hidden as windows, cupboards and even water-butts, open to show what is going on inside cottage and tree. Each is numbered and the twenty-fifth is the East window of a church, with a shining Nativity scene.

B. E. E.

EASY TO OPERATE

IT was a pity that both Miss Jones and Miss Thompson caught colds and stayed away last Monday while the telephonist was on her autumn leave. It meant that the new girl had to go on the switchboard.

She is a bright girl and a trier, but even a small switchboard takes some getting used to. Sanders, the junior, who has a natural flair for such things, showed her how to work it. He swiftly demonstrated the methods of dealing with incoming and outgoing calls, and as he flicked switches and started and stopped buzzers the new girl sat entranced. This was thrilling.

"There you are, then, Rosie," he said. "Think you can manage?"

She said yes, she thought so. Sanders left her and prepared to go on what he calls his morning round.

Alone in her little compartment, Rosie gazed at her two lines of switches and waited for something to happen. Almost immediately one of the eyeballs along the top of the board fell open with a shattering buzz. She pulled down its switch. The eye miraculously closed and the buzzing stopped; what next?

Yes, of course. This was an outgoing. She lifted the receiver and answered. It was Accounts wanting the bank; the very call that Sanders had demonstrated! Eagerly she pressed the exchange switch, consulted the list and began to dial the number. Just then the bell rang for an incoming call on the other line.

Rosie jumped, but did not get into a panic. She did, however, dial the wrong number. When she found herself through to Plastic Playthings, with the new call still insistent, she was faced with an unforeseen situation.

She remained calm. Accounts would have to wait. She sought to rid herself of the wrong number, and turned her attention to the new call. When she answered it she was surprised to hear the caller already talking to Plastic Playthings.

While Rosie was considering this curious phenomenon, another



"Heavens! Another damp patch."

of the eyeballs opened. She closed it promptly and cleared the first line. That was better; now she could answer the caller, a rather excitable woman who did not care for plastic playthings.

It was unfortunate that Accounts grew impatient just as another call came through. Rosie manipulated her switches and brought about some surprising combinations and conversations. She began to detect a note of irritation in some of the voices, and decided that the time had come to seek assistance. Opening the door, she hailed the first passer-by, who chanced to be the Secretary. He

stared at her and continued on his way, probably wondering who was behind him.

The next to pass was the Export Manager, a large and kindly man. He paused and asked if he could help her. She explained the situation.

"I'll send Sanders to you," he promised.

She said that she thought Sanders was out, and the Export Manager, who was still young at heart, came into the little room and looked at the switchboard.

"Now what exactly is the trouble?" he asked.

"Well, Accounts want the bank,

but they've got the Blue Water Line. Then there's a Mrs. Pratt."

"The General Manager's wife," he murmured. "What is she saying?"

"She's asking him if he remembered about the bishop's umbrella; at least, she's asking Raw Materials about it—and Accounts too, I think."

The Export Manager took the receiver from her and said "Hullo!" Then he listened attentively. What he heard seemed to shake him, but he was a man not easily dismayed. He joined in with determination.

"Hullo! Accounts? Hang up, will you? Get off the line. I say get off the Blue Water line. Not you, madam. No, this is not the bank. Sorry, madam, just a slight confusion caused by crossed lines. I'll put you through."

He scanned the switches, pressed one underneath "Gen. Man." and twiddled the handle. Then he said "Bother, wrong line," pressed the one below it and released the first. As he did so, two more eyeballs opened and buzzed.

"What did that?" he gasped.

Rosie obligingly shut them for him. It was kindly meant, but the Export Manager now found himself speaking to five extensions, Mrs. Pratt and the Blue Water Line. It was almost like broadcasting. He

recognized defeat. Replacing the receiver, he turned off all the switches.

"Best to make a fresh start," he said to Rosie. "When they come on again, just deal with them one at a time. Ignore everyone else. I have to go to a meeting now, but I'll get hold of Sanders and send him to help you."

He had been a junior himself once, and knew where to look. Within five minutes he found Sanders drinking coffee and discussing Saturday's football with a few friends who also happened to be on their morning rounds. A tolerant man, he explained the emergency that had arisen, and Sanders departed in haste.

The Export Manager went on to his meeting, transacted some further business and kept a luncheon appointment. The afternoon was

already advanced when he returned to the office. As he passed the telephone room he suddenly remembered. Opening the door, he peeped inside.

The new girl was sitting alone at the switchboard, the receiver to her ear.

"You're through," she said, and pressed a switch. An eyeball opened. She closed it, dialled a number, pressed another switch, took a sip of tea, stopped a buzzer, nibbled a piece of cake, flicked up a switch and hummed happily to herself. Then she glanced round and saw the Export Manager. She greeted him with a friendly smile.

"All right now!" he asked.

"Oh yes, thanks. It's quite easy, really."

He closed the door and went to his room, thinking wistfully of his vanished youth.

THANK YOU, MR. SURRAGE

BECAUSE I met a man named Surrage

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To laud that prince of virtues, Courage.

Because I met a man named Surrage

I need not rhyme it with demurrage

Or borage, blue as violet.

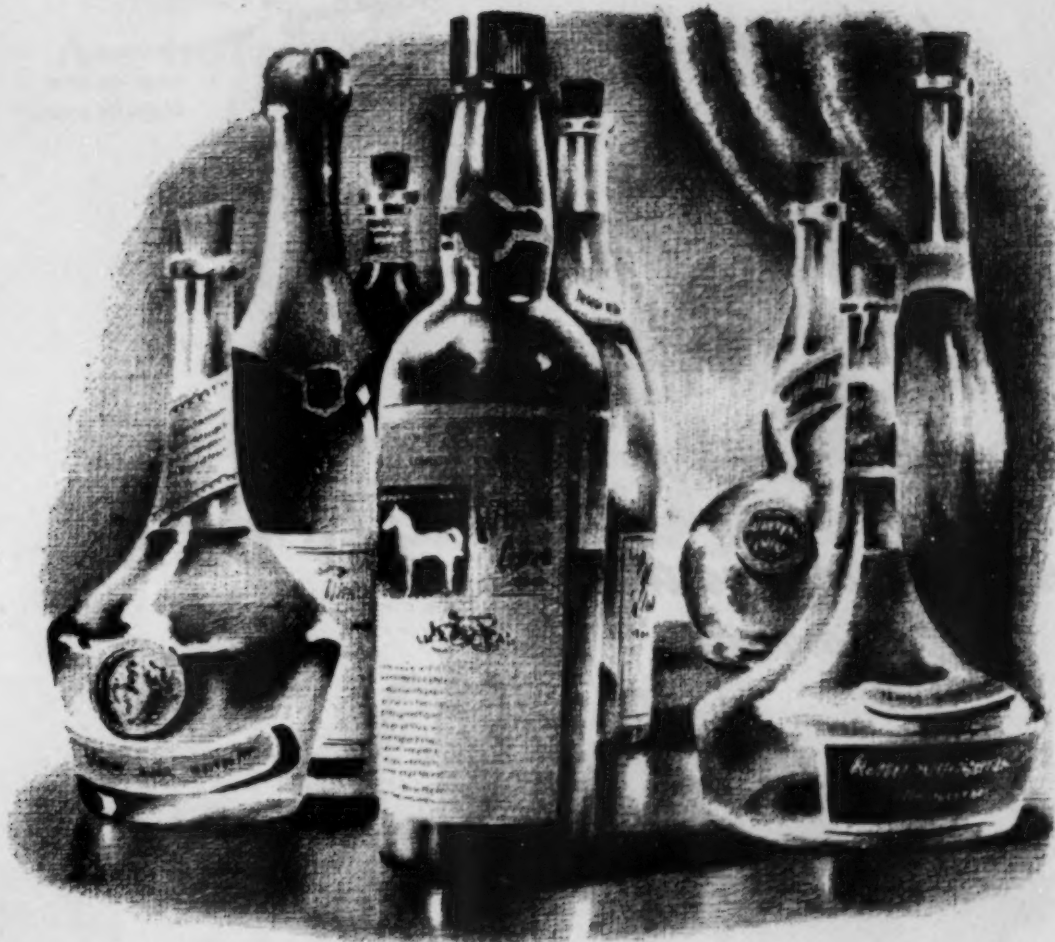
Because I met a man named Surrage

I can write this triolet.



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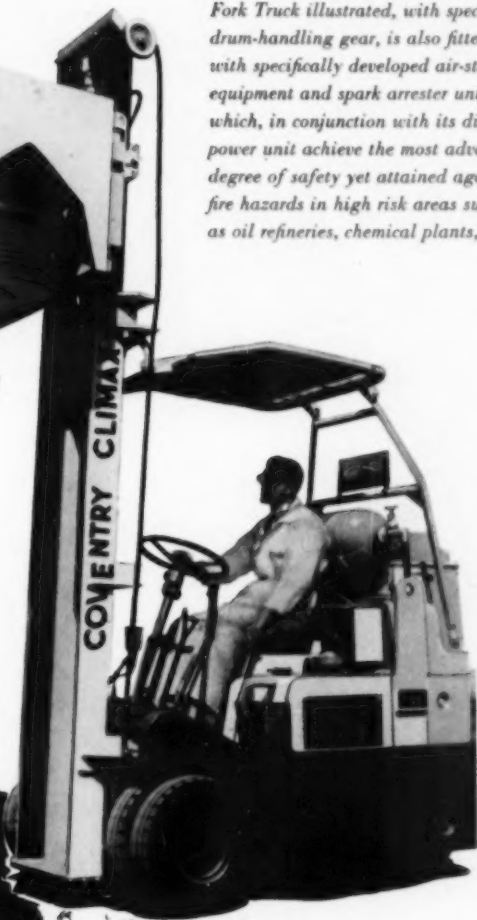


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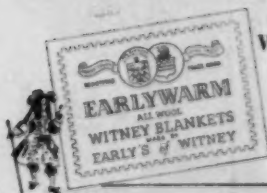
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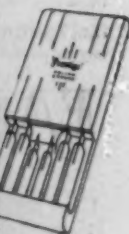
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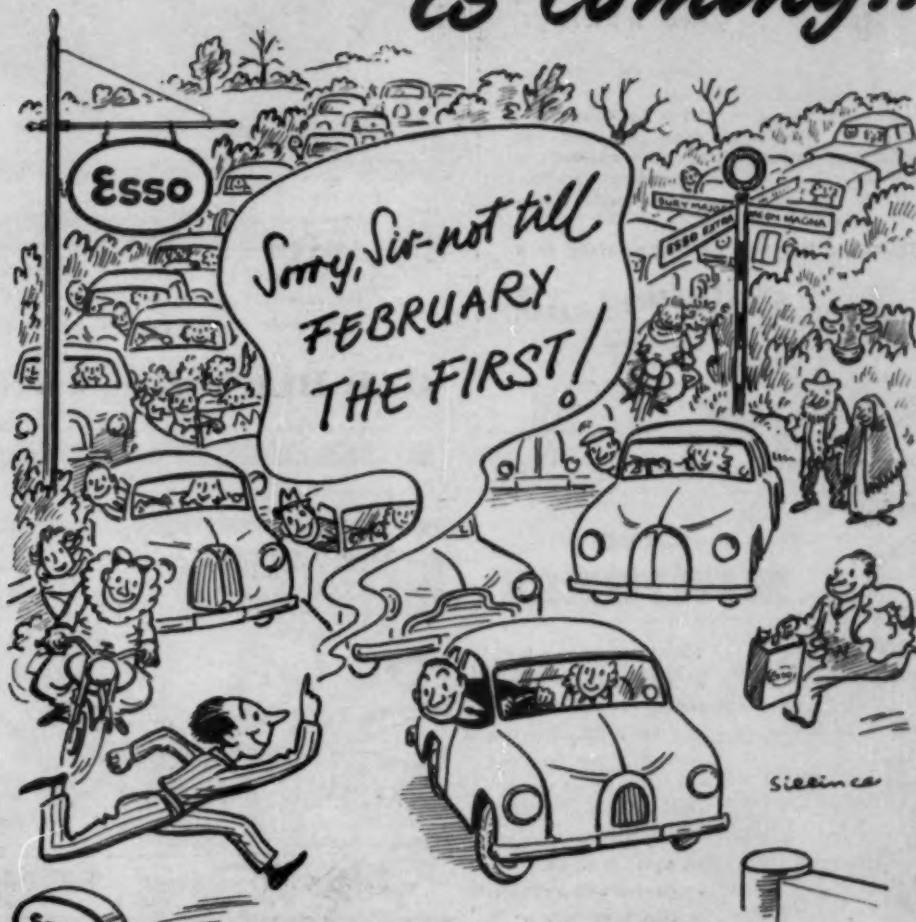
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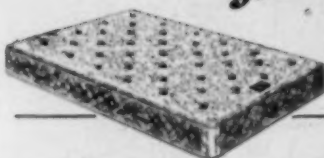
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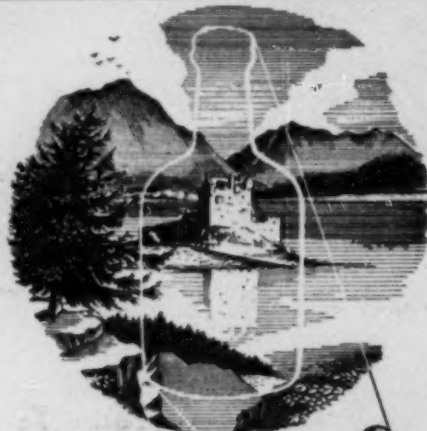
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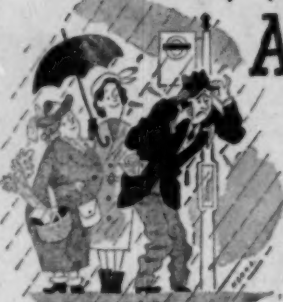
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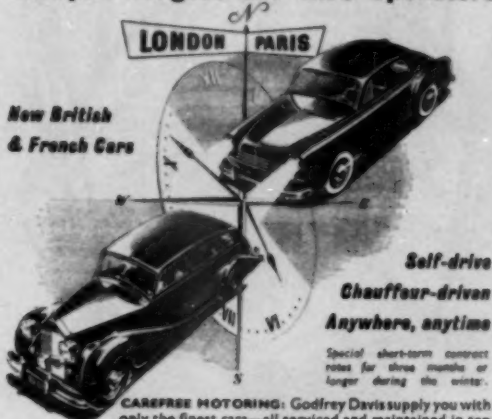
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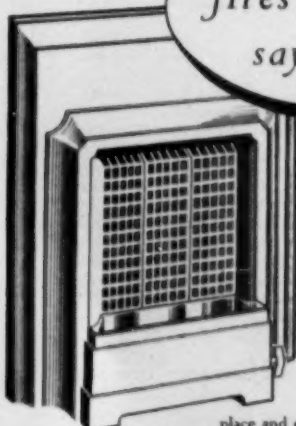
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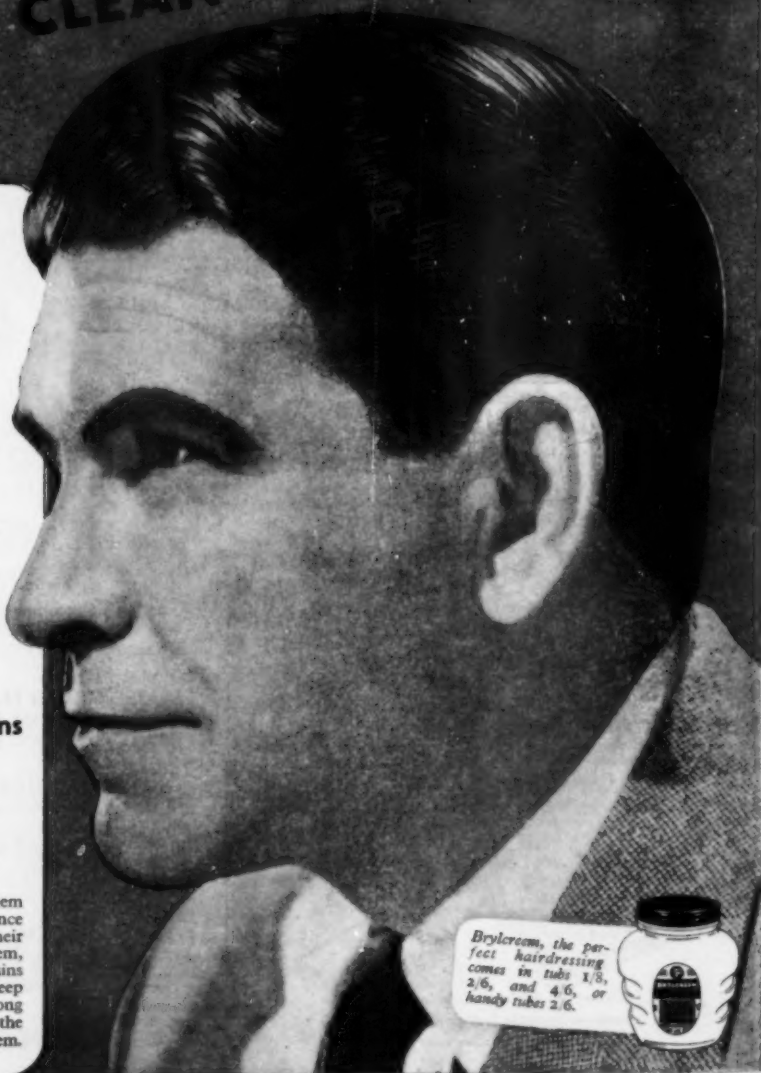
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